The New-York Times.

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GENERAL NEWS.

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Particulars Concerning the Death of Capt. Colvocoresses.

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BOSTON REGATTA.

A Race Without Wind—Only the Third Class Boats Contend.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

BOSTON, Mass., June 29.—The fifth annual regatta of the Boston Yacht Club would have taken place today, off Raidford Island, had there been any breeze. As it was, the third class yachts were started, and there was just enough breeze to enable the race to come off, all sail being set. The race was won by Daniel Bruce's Queen Mab, twenty-one feet and ten inches on the water-line, in three hours, seventeen minutes and two seconds, beating Thomas Dean's Fanny by seventy seconds. The Fannie claimed a foul, which will be decided July 8. The other features of the day were a dinner and a dance. There will be another regatta soon.

THE BRIDGEPORT TRAGEDY.

Full Particulars of the Investigation Into the Supposed Murder of Capt. Colvocoresses—One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Saturday, June 29, 1872.

Readers of the TIMES will remember the sudden and terrible fate of Capt. GEORGE M. COLVOCORESSES, United States Navy, who was killed in this city on the evening of June 3, while on his way to take the night boat for New-York. He was supposed to have had in his possession at the time of his death about $60,000 in securities, a knowledge of which fact was thought to have occasioned his murder by parties who had followed him from his home, in Litchfield, Conn. In spite, however, of the unprecedented rewards offered, (ten thousand dollars for the recovery of the securities and seven thousand dollars more for the detection of the assassins,) and of proclamations from the Executive of the State and Mayor of this city, the case remains a mystery to this day.

Whether Capt. COLVOCORESSES was the victim of a brutal and cowardly murder, or whether his life was taken by his own hand, in the execution of a carefully-contrived plan—harsh as such a supposition may seem—is by no means determined. The Police and other parties interested have been busily at work to solve the problem, but so far without being fully successful. So many sensational stories have been circulated respecting the result of their inquiries, that a plain statement of the facts thus far developed may be of interest, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It must be premised that the reputation of Capt. COLVOCORESSES among those who knew him best was such as to make it appear utterly incredible that he could take his own life, more especially in the execution of such an elaborately concocted scheme of fraud as was never heard of, unless, indeed, in the novels of WILKIE COLLINS. It has been proved, also, beyond question, that upon the night in question several men were seen standing near the corner of Clinton-street about half an hour before Capt. COLVOCORESSES passed that way to go to the boat. As late as ten minutes before the starting of the boat, Mr. JOHN L. WENNIS, passing down Water-street, had his attention attracted by the sound of voices coming from up Clinton-street, and paused to listen, but being afraid of being left hurried on. From whom these voices proceeded is still a mystery.

Capt. COLVOCORESSES' will, executed March 9, 1870, is by no means such as would be expected from a man contemplating suicide for the sake of enriching his heirs by defrauding the insurance companies. It contains, among others, the following charitable bequests:

Two thousand dollars to the Bible Society.

One thousand dollars to the town of Norwich, the income to be given to indigent inhabitants of Litchfield.

One thousand dollars to the select-men of Litchfield; the income wherefrom is to supply the almshouse with one weekly religious and one secular paper, to provide the means of transportation for such papers as may desire to attend church.

One thousand dollars to the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Children of Seamen.

These facts, and others of a similar character, are relied upon by his friends, to show that it is utterly impossible that he should have been guilty of such a crime.

On the other hand it is proved that his life was insured for the enormous amount of $193,500, most of the policies having been taken out within a few months before his death. The premiums on this amount, for a man of his age—sixty-five years—would be about ten per cent., or twenty thousand dollars per annum, whereas, he was popularly supposed to be worth only from forty to fifty thousand dollars.

It has not yet been proved that he ever possessed the amount of bonds stated in his memorandum, a list of which has been heretofore published in the TIMES, and to say the least, considerable doubt is felt upon this point.

The coat and vest of Capt. COLVOCORESSES contained no bullet holes, although the muzzle of the pistol was held so close to its body as to set his shirt on fire by its discharge. The most diligent efforts have failed to identify the pistol with which the fatal wound was inflicted, but there are certain indentations found on the inside of the travelling-satchel carried by him on the fatal night which exactly fit the muzzle and hammer, and appear to have been produced by them. Grains of powder were also found in the inside of this satchel. A powder-horn, apparently belonging to this pistol, was found carefully hidden a short distance from the place where the body was discovered. An assassin would hardly have paused to conceal it thereafter the shot was fired, and what motive his discovery of the powder-horn before he fled could clear, it is also believed to be unassailable of proof that a clerk in one of the drug-stores here sold powder and caps to Capt. COLVOCORESSES but a short time before the occurrence of the tragedy.

These reasons, with others, cause many to doubt whether it was a case of murder. Any one of them might be explained away, but taken together they have a terrible significance.

As an effort has been made in certain quarters to make much of the circumstance of a lady's dress-belt having been picked up near the scene of the tragedy, it may be stated that all the theories derived from this received no consequence by a letter which appeared in the *Standard* of Monday last. The following is the communication referred to:

MESSRS. EDITORS: Having seen several erroneous statements in regard to the murder of Captain ——, as to where the murderer's belt—with which the New-York gas world hang our Canteau and police-gauge from, I make the following statement: My name is W. H. POWERS. I reside in Miss MARY C. PLANT'S house in Clinton-street, Bridgeport, Conn., in front of which the murder of Capt. COLVOCORESSES was committed on the night of the 3d of June. I was awoke by the report of a pistol about 11 o'clock. I raised immediately up in my bed and listened, but could hear no sound other than I could distinguish. After about two or three minutes I heard a groan of some person in distress. I then got up immediately and dressed myself and went out and saw the body removed to the station-house. As for the family in the occupancy of the house, they have since removed, we know nothing about them. We never saw them until they came to Bridgeport about ascertain time. On account of certain circumstances Miss PLANT allowed them to remain in the house, and I promptly for Mrs. MATTHEWS, who expected to conduct herself likewise.

Now for the belt. In June my wife and a lady friend went to Flower Alley, or Factory Alley, as it is called, with their children, to pick berries in the rear of the old brown mansion that stands on the north side of the alley, and gave the belt to the children to play with. The belt was picked up in close proximity to the body. It was picked up in the yard, the body lay outside the yard. Any one can see the yard by passing down the aforementioned lane which my wife and children took when they picked the belt up. Police Constable has safely in his possession. Hoping that neither Capt. ——— nor son myself will be hung with this belt.

I am yours, truly, W. H. P.

FRANCE.

Signing of the Treaty of Evacuation.

PARIS, June 29.—M. de REMUSAT, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count VON ARNIM, the German Ambassador, to-night signed the treaty providing for the evacuation of French territory by the German troops, which has been for some time in negotiation.

SPAIN.

The Cortes Dissolved—A New Election Ordered.

MADRID, June 29.—A royal decree is promulgated in the *Gaceta* to-day, dissolving the Cortes, ordering elections for members on the 24th of August, and convoking the new Cortes on the 15th of September.

Weekly Currency Statement of the Treasury Department.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The United States currency outstanding June 29 is as follows:

Old demand notes	$56,230
Legal-tender notes, new issue	72,271,560
Legal-tender notes, series of 1869	254,400,422
One-year notes of 1863	150,000
Two-year notes of 1863	51,463
Compound-interest notes	253,010
Fractional currency, first issue	4,201,720
Fractional currency, second issue	3,190,289
Fractional currency, third issue	4,039,965
Fractional currency, fourth issue, first series	12,479,219
Fractional currency, fourth issue, second series	10,764,337
Total	$360,345,963
Amount of fractional currency received from the printing division of the Treasury Department during the week	$228,400 00
Shipments of currency	425,000 00
Shipments of notes	440,000 00
Bonds held by the Treasurer as security for currency (coin)	350,450,700 00
And of public deposits	18,208,000 00
Internal revenue receipts today	643,188 91
Internal revenue receipts for the month	13,669,091 64
Customs receipts of internal revenue for the fiscal year ending today	121,367,314 45
National bank notes outstanding at this date	356,180,861 00

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

LOUIS NEUMAN succeeds Col. CARTER as chief editor of the New-Orleans *National Republican*.

Already 186 candidates have been examined for admission into the Freshman Class of Harvard College.

Vice-President COLFAX has sent his furniture to South Bend, Ind., and next Winter will board in Washington.

A Boston paper reports that not even the outside exhibitions around the Coliseum have pain expenses.

The Alumni of Yale residing in Buffalo formed an association a few months ago. They number about fifty.

One of the buildings of M. J. M. GORDON'S chemical laboratory, at Cincinnati, was burned yesterday. Loss, $10,000.

The July dividends payable in Boston amount to $13,756,666, a larger amount than ever paid there at one time.

There are more bears this Summer in the extreme eastern portion of Maine than ever before known.

Over 600,000 barrels of petroleum oil changed hands at Titusville, Penn., yesterday, involving nearly $2,000,000.

A young woman has perplexed the Faculty of Dartmouth College, by demanding admission into the new Freshman Class.

A fire Friday, at Ford River, Mich., destroyed the lumber-mill owned by the Ford River Lumber Company; loss, $25,000.

A California journal predicts that not many years will elapse before that State will become one of the coffee-growing countries of the world.

Mrs. MARY LOWELL PUTNAM, of Boston, who has been so great a benefactor of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, will pass the Fourth there.

The dwelling-house of Mr. QUARTERBURN, near Pine Bluff, Ark., was burned Friday night. Mr. QUARTERBURN and his daughter were burned to death.

Customs receipts for the week ending June 29 are: New-York, $1,609,431 73; Baltimore, $176,855 89; Boston, $213,511 62; San Francisco, $61,407 62.

Mrs. JENNIE BRONSON, late HOLBROOK, accused of shooting the present Mrs. HOLBROOK in New-Orleans, has been admitted to bail in the sum of $1,000.

A Mrs. CAMPBELL, at Chicago, was fatally poisoned yesterday by tasting a decoction of woodbine leaves, which had been prepared as a medicine for her sick daughter.

Miss LUCY SMITH, of Fort Dodge, Iowa; Miss LULU HARRON, of Baltimore, Md., and Mrs. MARY RUPPERT, of Jamesville, were drowned Friday night at Milwaukie.

The schooner *Zoe*, from Windsor, N. S., for Bridgeport, with plaster, went ashore at Chatham Bar, Massachusetts, yesterday morning. The vessel is light and will probably come off.

The Cincinnati and Springfield Railway, known as the Dayton Short Line, opens on Monday. Two through trains from Cleveland and one local train from Springfield will be put on at once.

Secretary BOUTWELL will return to Washington to-morrow morning. Secretary BALKNAP leaves to-night for Madison, Wis., to attend the annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 3d and 4th of July.

A boiler in the Lafayette Iron-works, at Titusville, Penn., exploded yesterday morning, injuring three men—one severely—and badly shattering the building. It was caused by a lack of water.

A negro named ALBERT WILLIAMS was arrested in East St. Louis, Friday, for committing an outrage upon a young white girl named Miss LIZZIA LOEBER. The affair caused great excitement among the citizens.

While the workmen on the bridge at St. Joseph, Mo., were repairing a caisson to pivot a pier, yesterday afternoon, a portion of the supports gave way, precipitating five men into the river, one of whom was drowned.

Seven loaded oil-cars caught fire from a passing engine yesterday morning, near Palmyra, N. Y., and were entirely consumed. Both tracks of the railroad for some distance were destroyed. The loss is heavy.

The new iron steam-ship *City of Berlin*, for Inman, built by the Delaware River Iron Shipbuilding and Engine-works, at Chester, Penn., sailed from that port at 12½ o'clock P. M. yesterday, and will arrive at New-York on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. ISAAC PARKER, brother of the late Rev. THEODORE PARKER, died on Friday at the old homestead in Lexington, Mass. Many years ago Mr. PARKER drove a stage between Waltham and Boston, and was frequently referred to by his brother in his sermons as illustrative of New-England hardiness.

Mining shares in San Francisco are quoted as follows: Hale & Norcross, $600; Chollar, $07; Gould & Curry, $205; Overman, $66 50; Segregated Belcher, $69; Imperial, $4 50; Crown Point, $155; Alpha, $26; Caledonia, $44; Yellow Jacket, $111; Kentuck, $290; Raymond & Ely, $136 50; Belcher, $975; Savage, $124.

The Commissioner of Patents yesterday entered the patents of H. BRADFORD, of Pennsylvania, for rock separators, and GEO. W. ROMAINE, of South Carolina, for cartridges; and refused the applications of HENRY H. PACKER, of Massachusetts, for an extension of his patents for sand drills. All the above-named patents were to expire yesterday.

The Egyptian curiosities owned by the late SAMUEL E. WAY, of Boston, has been presented by his son to the Museum of Fine Arts in that city. The collection was formed by Mr. ROBERT HAY, of Scotland, in 1828-9, and is very valuable. It comprises numerous specimens of each division of Egyptian antiquities, illustrative of the arts, manners and civilization, and of the Pantheon, civil life and funeral rites of ancient Egypt.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

The Arts, Industries and Manufactures of Ireland.

Scope of the Exposition—Its Objects and Results—The Show of Irish Pottery—The Glass of Erin—Irish Linens and Poplins—Woolens and Laces.

Special Correspondence of the New-York Times.

DUBLIN, FRIDAY, June 14, 1872.

The beautiful City of Dublin has scarcely ever in its checkered career presented a more brilliant and gratifying spectacle than it does at this moment, when its thoroughfares are crowded with handsome equipages, its hotels thronged with visitors, and every private residence is taxing its capacity to hold the shoals of country cousins who daily arrive to enjoy the unwonted excitement of the Irish metropolis. The cause of this powerful effect, which has even sheered the hearts of Dublin shop-keepers, usually the crossest of their race, is the Dublin Exhibition of Arts, Industries and Manufactures, which was formally inaugurated by the Duke of EDINBURGH on the 8th of June, with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. The building used for this purpose is the well-known Crystal Palace of Dublin, which seven years ago was opened as an exhibition by the Prince of WALES, but which, owing to incompetent management, was a lamentable failure and remained closed for several years, an eyesore to the public. The building was ultimately sold by auction and the brothers GUINNESS became the purchasers. It was not for a considerable period after the purchase that the object of the purchasers was made known, and when the public, five months ago, learned that Sir ARTHUR and E. C. GUINNESS had bought the palace with the sole view of presenting it to the people, the delight and enthusiasm manifested was worthy of this generous act. From the Queen herself down to the humblest citizen, a strong desire was felt to do something with the noble donation worthy of its beauty and proportions, and in the incredibly short space of five months the Exhibition Palace was transformed from a melancholy, reproachful and useless pile into a palace whose beauties of exterior and interior have never been exceeded in their way.

WITHIN THE PALACE.

Today it contains a display of Irish and British art of which any nation might be proud, and while in some particular departments the exhibition of 1872 may be inferior to that of 1853, yet in the history of all the exhibitions of the world there will be found no collection which for elegance, rarity and costliness could equal the present wonderful loan collection. An experienced judge in matters of art has attempted to fix the monetary value of the articles of *vertu* and art of the loan collection at one million and a half sterling, but when it is remembered that the treasures of this collection are such as no money could purchase, and which, if destroyed, could never be replaced, it is not too much to say that their value is beyond estimate, and that their true worth lies in the love of the grand, the ancient and the beautiful, which is exemplified in the owners, and which never meets with quicker responses than from Irish hearts and Irish tastes. A strong and most gratifying point in favor of the present exhibition is, that while it exhibits the best specimens of everything that Ireland can produce in the way of industry and science, still it is totally devoid of the character of a mere "shop," and is, therefore, free from one powerful objection which was common to all previous exhibitions. Every exhibitor has his space allotted to him without fee, without favor, and without distinction, and the claim for superiority must be decided by the public verdict, and by that alone. In short, this exhibition of arts, industries, and manufactures can boast a usefulness, a variety, and a national importance to which former displays could not pretend.

OBJECTS AND RESULTS.

Its objects and the results expected from it cannot be better set forth than in the following extract from the inaugural address of the Duke of EDINBURGH:

"The experience of twenty-one years has shown the value of these undertakings, and in every civilized country the richness the world; such collections of the results of arts, science and industry, have been considered as most important and powerful instruments for the propagation of general culture, and as tending to promote the blessings of peace by teaching men to see in the manifestations of skill and industry fresh reasons for belief in the truth of this conviction that I anticipate the success of the exhibition now opened."

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Space will hardly permit a detailed description of the Exhibition building, which has many claims, however, to attention; suffice it to say that it consists of two distinct edifices—one a handsome brick building, and the other the well-known and beautiful glass palace. The decorations of both these edifices show remarkable taste, the decorators evidently having gained experience by past failures. There is not now a bit of color or of shade to offend the eye, and the harmony of the whole is of the complacent and most gratifying nature. The brick building contains the hall of sculpture, the picture galleries, the loan museum, and the grand, concert hall, latter being capable of seating three thousand persons. The glass palace is devoted to the exhibition of industries and manufactures, and opens on to a magnificent horticultural garden. The catalogue of the exhibition has been found very incomplete in the compilation of the treasures of the loan collection and the grand series of historical paintings, so that any detailed reference to these is at present impossible. In all other respects the catalogue is excellent and accurate.

IRISH POTTERY.

One of the most interesting and, to Irishmen, gratifying collections of the Exhibition is that from the Irish potteries, which shows that a great national want has been supplied in opening up a new branch of national industry, and at the same time proving that from a suitable material Irish artisans are capable of competing, in originality and finish, with the most skilled men of other countries. The Irish potteries are of very recent growth, for in the year 1865 their first products were exhibited, and the present accomplishments of the enterprise, which has been eminently successful both as a commercial venture and as a patriotic and artistic effort. The specimens exhibited here all come from Belleek, and are wrought of Irish clays and feldspars, which resemble the finest biscuit or the polished ivory of the Parian. The appropriateness of these clays the very highest excellence has been attained in the manufacture of dinner and dessert services, while the extent of the manufacture of articles of a more elevated type of arts is very great. A dinner and dessert service made by Irish hands from this clay was considered so valuable that the Queen purchased it as a present to her sister Sovereign, the Queen of Spain. The ordinary manufactures of the Belleek Potteries compare favorably with the best "yields" of the Staffordshire potteries, being especially serviceable, and the simple ornamentation to which it is subjected is pure in style and suitable in proportion with the ware in England and America. The Belleek ware has found its way into the United States, Canada, India and Australia, and is also extensively known throughout the continent of Europe. Although the principal productions of the Irish potteries have been wrought from chiny clay, others clays have been found which yield jet, red and colored wares, and in the collection are to be seen fine fac-similes of sea shells, and of branches of coral which might well be supposed natural. The Messrs. MCBIRNEY, ARMSTRONG and KERR are the gentlemen who have the honor of having established the first Irish potteries, and they are to be congratulated upon having helped to supply a ware at once novel, beautiful and useful, and on furnishing a means of education and support to hundreds who would otherwise remain in destitution.

IRISH LINENS AND POPLINS.

As might be expected, the display in these branches of industry is remarkably fine. Belfast, the metropolis of the linen counties of Ireland, furnishes all the elegant specimens of linen goods, and their variety and quality clearly show that Ireland still maintains its hardly-earned superiority in this branch of manufacture. The specimens supplied include every article manufactured from linen, and amid all the stalls in the Palace, Brilliant and attractive as they are, the Irish linen stall is ordinarily surrounded by the thickest and most enthusiastic crowds. The specimens of Irish poplins are decidedly among the most beautiful as they undoubtedly are among the most attractive features of the exhibition. The large stall devoted to the display of these goods, was yesterday the centre of interest of the building, and noticeable among the enthusiastic ladies who congregated round it, were many American beauties, who were there in pursuit of shopping recollections. To many of these ladies, Dublin is less known as the capital of Ireland, than as the headquarters of the poplin manufacture. The focus of this centre of attraction is a full statuette fitted to her figure with a handsomely modelled face in wax. The dress was made from the premises of the exhibitor in Grafton-street, and is of the finest poplin, of a most beautiful pearl hue—"a colorless color"—it is trimmed with ventable Irish lace. The whole costume is the perfection of taste. The woolen fabrics of Ireland have recently attracted much attention in the commercial world, and owing to the inclemency of the present season in England and Ireland, their manufacture has received a new impulse. The demand for Irish frieses has of late increased in an extraordinary degree, and the specimens of this comfortable, if not elegant fabric, are numerous. Close beside the poplin and linen stalls is one appropriately selected for the exhibition of that most renowned and handsome result of native industry—Irish lace—the specimens of which are simply indescribable for their beauty of texture and originality of design. Connoisseurs in such things freely say that the present specimens of Irish lace manufacture exceed both in beauty and quality the hitherto unrivaled productions of Brussels.

IRISH DECORATIVE ART.

The art of decorating works of utility is one which, until recently, was comparatively little known and certainly little practiced in Ireland, and no stronger proof of the beneficial effects of such enterprises as the present exhibition could be gotten than the calling to mind the fact that in the report of the Jury of the Irish Exhibition of 1853 particular attention was called to the utter absence of this branch of industrial art. The present exhibition furnishes some of the most exquisite and tasteful specimens of usefulness and beauty that ever came from the hands of the artisan. A massive oak cabinet is one of the best of these specimens, and in the perfection of cabinet work. There is not a knob of wood that is not of actual use. The ornamentation, much of which is obtained by inlays of brown oak, and the carving, which is of the highest order, will well repay the attention of connoisseurs. The arrangement of the carving is most happy. On the pilasters of the cabinet, which forms a portion of the back, the ornament used is emblematic of plenty and hospitality, and from the brackets supporting the massive cornice are suspended trophies representative of fishing and hunting, while on either side, surmounting the small pedestals, are well-executed groups of game and fish, the whole being surmounted by a bust of the Goddess of Plenty. Another specimen of Irish decorative art is in a stall by itself, and shows a drawing-room screen, cornice and ceiling of the Louis Quinzeth style; the panel-filling is in silk damask, the color of which when seen in various lights is not only artistic but gorgeous. The centre panel is occupied entirely by a magnificent three-plated mirror, which is said to be the finest specimen ever brought into Ireland. It is very creditable to the exhibitors of these specimens that in every case full justice is done to the designers and the executive artists, their names in full being attached to each piece of their work.

THE GALLERY OF OLD MASTERS.

The gallery of old masters contains two hundred and fifty-eight oil paintings, and is probably the finest and most comprehensive collection of ancient art ever exhibited to the public. Many of these paintings have hung for centuries in the halls of their noble possessors, and but for the present patriotic enterprise would probably never have been allowed to gladden the eyes of the people. In looking down the catalogue one is astonished by observing the long array of glorious masters, embracing the names of Guido, Correggio, Murillo, Salvator Rosa, Titian, Rembrandt, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Paul Veronese, and Guido Reni. Among this great collection are many of the finest specimens of the more modern masters, and Gainsborough, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, O'Connor, Hogarth, Gerald, Dow and Wecker, are worthily represented. As a matter of curiosity, it is interesting to look down the third column of the catalogue, wherein we observe the long list of noble persons who have loaned their greatest treasures to swell the magnificence of the exhibition, and have emptied the picture.

THE LOAN MUSEUM.

From the gallery of old masters you enter the great Loan Museum and the National and Historical Portrait Gallery. These are undoubtedly the most attractive portions of the entire exhibition, and a considerable disappointment is felt at the inaccuracy and incompleteness of the catalogues at these points, in consequence of which, as has already been stated, a detailed description of the treasures is at present impossible. PHILOKALLA.

Whereabouts of Dr. Rufus Bratton.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The Columbia (S. C.) *Union* of the 27th says: "It will be seen by reference to our Press dispatches that a telegram purporting to come from Toronto states that Dr. RUFUS BRATTON has been restored to Canadian jurisdiction, and is now at that place. This is not so. On receipt of this Press dispatch we immediately telegraphed to the Commandant of the post at Yorkville, and are informed that Dr. BRATTON is still in Yorkville, S. C."

Serious Charges on Trial.

Among the cases brought before the judicial administration of Justices SHANDLEY, HOGAN, and COX, in the Court of Special Sessions, was one of aggravated assault upon a planer who refused to join the late eight-hour strike, by four fellow-workmen who had thrown down the tools. JOHN SCHAEFFER, PETER FAIR, JOHN BERTRAM, and FREDERICK KREPPS, four dirty and ill-looking fellows, were charged by WASHINGTON SHARP, a respectable-looking young man, about twenty-one years old, with having brutally assaulted him. The complainant said he was employed in the planing-mill of PALMER, EMBURY & Co., corner of Sixth and Lewis streets, and lived at No. 744 Sixth-street. The prisoners, who had been employed in the same shop, struck work four days previous to the assault, and on the day in question returned to the shop with several others, numbering in all about fifteen men. SCHAEFFER told them to quit work, but he refused. SCHAEFFER then said, "Boys, let's drag him out," and they caught hold of him. He grasped the railings, but they wrenched his arms away. He resisted, and FAIR struck him over the head with a club, cutting his forehead badly. Mr. TAYLOR, the foreman, knocked FAIR down by a blow of a stick, and the Police coming in, arrested the strikers. This evidence was corroborated by the foreman and another workman, who was present at the time of the assault. The prisoners went upon the stand and swore, as a matter of course, that they never assaulted the complainant. But their evidence was so plainly contradictory that they were found guilty and sentenced to be imprisoned for ten days in the Tombs. The sentence, from its extreme leniency, created no little surprise in Court.

A Lady in Greenpoint Attacked by a Rat.

Some time ago a member of Mrs. CONKLIN'S family, residing at the corner of Kent-street and Franklin-avenue, Greenpoint, set poison for rats that had become troublesome about the house. It had the effect of causing their disappearance, with the single exception of a champion rat that seemed to quietly linger around for sinister purposes. On Thursday last Mrs. CONKLIN was in the act of taking some dishes from the pantry-shelf, when this skulking rodent darted from a hole in the wall and seizing her finger, clung to it with its teeth clear through the fleshy part. It held on with such determination that Mrs. CONKLIN had some difficulty in shaking it off. Very soon afterward the wound began to inflame; the hand swelled and grew numb, and sharp pains extended almost to the shoulder. She went to a physician, who cauterized the wound and treated her otherwise so that she has experienced relief.

Poison was set out in the hope of killing the animal, but it shunned the tempting bait, and on the day following made another attempt to bite Mrs. CONKLIN at the pantry shelf. Failing, however, this time, it took up a position at the entrance of its hole and stood there defiantly, with its head half out, and when Mrs. CONKLIN'S son, a young man, came and struck at it with a stick, it made several attempts to fly at him, but as last sullenly retired. On Friday evening the same rat flew from the pantry and made a third desperate attack on Mrs. CONKLIN. It jumped upon the table near which she was standing, and was about to spring on her, when her shriek brought her son out of the adjoining room, and the rat was killed, showing fight to the last.

THE HEAT.

Effects of the High Temperature Yesterday in This City.

The Thermometrical Record—Scenes in the Streets—Large Number of Sun-Strokes—Full Police Returns.

A blazing sun, cloudless sky and still, close atmosphere combined to turn New-York into a vast furnace, yesterday, from which all who were able hastened to escape. At 8 o'clock in the morning the mercury marked 80 degrees in the shade, and men going to work had to peel off their coats even at that early hour of the day. Sales of lager and other cooling fluids increased in direct proportion to the rise of the thermometer, and at 10 o'clock, when 87 degrees in the shade were announced, the crowds besieging the fountains of refreshment augmented; but they reached their greatest when at noon the mercury marked 90. At Fulton-street, in Brooklyn, it reached 130 degrees.

Every line from the City was patronized by the public seeking cooler air. Some fled to the sea, but the sea, as smooth as glass, was broken only by the ripple raised by the swift steamers, tugs, and propellers, and the languid excursionist sighed vainly for a refreshing breeze. People who ventured into the streets and avenues spread umbrellas and parasols, but many were overcome by the intense heat, and the Police reported the following cases of this character:

An unknown woman was found in the morning, at the corner of Bowery and Bayard street insensible, and was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

MARY CORMAN, a German woman, was found prostrated by the heat at the corner of Bayard and Baxter streets, and was cared for at Bellevue Hospital.

MARIA BROWN, of Red Hook Point, was overcome by the heat in front of No. 19 Beekman-street, and was cared for at the Park Hospital.

MARY HOLLIGAN, an emigrant who had just arrived from Scotland, was prostrated by the afternoon while walking through Liberty-street, and was taken to Park Hospital.

JOHN GRIFFIN, while at work in Seventy-fifth-street, near Lexington-avenue, was prostrated by the heat, and was sent to Bellevue Hospital.

A man named LAWRENCE, working on a house corner of Hudson and Park-avenues, Brooklyn, was sunstruck in the afternoon, and was taken to the City Hospital.

MARY GRAHAM, a resident of Hunter's Point, was overcome by the heat while working at the laundry in Twenty-second-street, near Eleventh-avenue. She was taken to her home.

THOMAS BERKMEYER, aged thirty, was found prostrated by the heat in the Bowery, and was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

FREDERICK OELSNER, aged seventy-two, was found in Prince-street, near Mercer-street, overcome by the heat, and was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

PHILIP COOK, aged twenty-seven, died suddenly last evening at No. 307 Ninth-avenue. Death is supposed to have resulted from sunstroke.

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM, residing in Mott-street, near Prince-street, was found overcome by the heat in Nassau-street. He was taken to the Park Hospital.

The highest range of the thermometer during the past week is shown by the following table, in which comparisons are instituted with past years:

	1867.	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	1872.
June 22	76	79	82	92	74	86
June 23	84	79	75	88	83	82
June 24	87	79	80	90	86	75
June 25	87	75	81	94	74	89
June 26	71	78	82	92	77	87
June 27	78	83	89	85	81	75
June 28	85	85	88	92	79	89
June 29	80	81	86	92	75	90

The following shows the changes in the temperature during the twenty-four hours ending at 3 P. M. yesterday, as indicated by the thermometer at DICKINSON'S, No. 3 Park Row:

12 Midnight	80	3 A. M.	81
3 A. M.	78	12 M.	86
6 A. M.	78	3 P. M.	90

At Central Park, according to SCHULTZ & WARNER, the highest temperature recorded was 87° and the lowest 78° during the day. The highest stand of the barometer was 30.02 and the lowest 29.99.

THE WEATHER.

Events and Probabilities.

WASHINGTON, June 29—7 P. M.—The barometer continues highest over the Southern States, and lowest over the North-west. Areas of rain have prevailed during the day over Louisiana, Southern Florida, South-eastern Virginia and Pennsylvania, along the lower lakes, and from Lake Michigan southward and north-westward. Cloudy and partially cloudy weather is now prevailing over the Southern States, with light to fresh, and occasional brisk southerly winds, to south-easterly winds over the Middle States, with light to fresh southerly to westerly winds, and over the New-England and north-west of the Ohio Valley, with light to fresh southerly winds. Cloudy weather at Portland, Oregon; clear weather at San Francisco and San Diego. The rivers have continued falling at Vicksburg and Memphis, and risen four feet at Cincinnati.

PROBABILITIES.

Clear and partially-cloudy weather prevail on Saturday over the Southern States, with light to fresh southerly winds and areas of rain over the western portion, and light to fresh southerly to westerly winds over the eastern portion. Partly-cloudy weather, areas of rain, and light to fresh southerly winds north and west of the Ohio Valley. Clear and partially-cloudy weather and light to fresh south-westerly to north-westerly winds for the Middle States. Clear and partially-cloudy weather and light to fresh southerly to westerly winds for New-England.

A PREACHER'S POT.

How an Hawaiian Legislator was Found to Have the Requisite Income.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

The Hawaiian Constitution prescribes, among other qualifications, that members of the legislative body must own real estate of the "clear value of $600," or an "annual income of $400 per annum, derived from any property or from some lawful employments." Hon. M. KEKOA came up from Holaua to take his seat in the Hawaiian Parliament. But his Kanaka rival came up also, and contested the seat on the ground that the incumbent had not the requisite property qualifications. Hon. KEKOA was a native pastor, and secured his pay in truck. The Committee took the case in hand. If the Hon. and Rev. KEKOA was not a man of sufficient substance, there was no help for him. The Kanaka rent-roll is not large; but "pot" is a potent institution at the islands, and with it the Committee made out the case handsomely, and to the confusion of the contestant.

It was proved that Mr. KEKOA possessed no real estate, and was only taxed for three horses; but as a clergyman and pastor of the Kawaiaa Kahana, where he had been for five years, he is receiving an average salary of $100 per annum, besides small sums for marriages and filling other points at times, and for two years past the Hilo church members, with the Sabbath-school, have given him one-half of the proceeds of feasts gotten up by them. The Committee did not deem these fluctuating sums as making up an "annual income," within the meaning of the constitution. Moreover, these sums do not amount to $400. It was shown, however, that ever since the settlement of Mr. KEKOA he has been furnished with house, rent and, food for himself and family. This family consisted formerly of his wife and two children, but now consists of fourteen persons, all infirm or aged persons, relatives of Mr. KEKOA, the burden of whose support devolves legitimately upon him. They consume as near as they can get to it one bullock per week, or say nothing of other vegetables, fish &c. The pot is worth $8 per keg, and being supplied weekly is worth $450 per annum. Add this to the $100 cash paid, and the Constitution is complied with. The furnishing of rent and food to the pastor is a part of the consideration for his services.

The Eleventh-Avenue Opening—The Commissioners' Report Completed.

Commissioners E. B. HART, JAMES M. SWEENY, and HENRY A. SMITH, who were appointed under the general act of 1867 to make the assessments and awards in the matter of the extension of Eleventh-avenue, have completed their work and deposited their abstracts and maps in the office of the Department of Public Works, where they will remain until Aug. 10. For ten days, from the 29th of next July, the Commissioners will sit at No. 62 Nassau-street to hear objections to their awards and assessments, and, on the 27th of August the report will be presented to Court for confirmation. The opening will extend northwardly from the northerly line of the road or public drive, to the southerly line of the street leading from King's Bridge road, near Inwood-street, and thence to the Harlem River, near Sherman's Creek. The assessments amount to $361,32, one-half of the estimated cost of the work. The awards for land taken amount to $382,427.

LOCAL POLITICS.

The Municipal Greeley Committee at the Astor House.

The cheerless, gloomy apartment in the Astor House known as the "Liberal Republican State Committee's Head-quarters," was even more unattractive looking than usual yesterday. The faithful Democratic followers of GREELEY crowded into the room in such numbers all day, that by 5 o'clock in the afternoon there were actually seventeen names upon the registry. The place was as quiet as the grave, the bussing of the flies being the only sound to break the silence. Gen. COCHRANE and Gen. PALMER sat in the little sanctum set apart for their use, and the old gentleman in the spectacles was slowly wrapping SUMNER'S speech and addressing them to "all parts of the country." He was actually seen to be putting postage stamps on some of the packages, the Committee having probably became discouraged at the non-success of their efforts to obtain a Congressional frank to mail campaign documents for the man who professes to be heart and soul opposed to the franking privilege.

The only events to break the dull monotony of the day were the arrivals of three Boston Aldermen, by name T. J. PAUL, NEWTON TALBOT and L. R. CUTTER, who sauntered listlessly in during the morning, and were immediately asked to add their names to those of the following "distinguished visitors" who had been persuaded to put their names on the registry. These, with Ex-State Senator G. T. HANOVER, of Steuben County, and an ex-sheriff of the same county, were the only ones who, during the day, except an occasional peddler of campaign badges, disturbed the monotonous meditations of Gen. COCHRANE and his clerks, who could not but have been sadly thinking of the certainty of GRANT'S election and the inevitability of HORACE GREELEY'S defeat.

How the Tribune Got "Sold" in the Interviewing Business.

At the last meeting of the Republican Association of the Seventeenth Assembly District, Col. JOEL W. MASON presiding, Mr. D. B. MELLISH said:

I will relate a little incident to show that the *Tribune* is "not an organ." Some weeks since, Mr. JOHN R. RUSSELL, as you remember, moved out of this District, and therefore resigned his membership in the Republican Central Committee from this organization. The *Tribune* people, seeing by the papers that Mr. RUSSELL had resigned, and supposing it was because he was dissatisfied toward GRANT, sent a reporter to Mr. RUSSELL'S store to interview him. Mr. RUSSELL, having been apprised of the object of the representative of the *Tribune*, responded that he (RUSSELL) was not dissatisfied with the Administration, but on the contrary that he was one of the strongest kind of Grant men, and believed it to be the duty of good citizens to put forth every effort to re-elect him. Mr. RUSSELL added that he had constantly taken the *Tribune* from the first day of its publication, until within a very short time, when, like many other Republicans, he had dropped it. I have not observed that the *Tribune* has published a word in favor of GRANT since, and says the Government authorities are doing all they can to break up the movement.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29.—Official reports to the Indian Bureau from the

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PAN.

"Pan, Pan, is dead!"—E. B. BROWNING.

The broken wine-cups of the Gods
Lie scatter'd in the Waters deep,
Where the tall sea-flax blows and nods
Over the shipwreck'd seaman's sleep;
Over the wave-wash'd ocean-hills,
Above their heads the wild winds blow;
They groan, they shiver to and fro—
"Pan, Pan!" those phantoms call.

O Pan, great Pan, thou art not dead,
Nor dost thou haunt that weedy place,
Tho' blowing winds hear not thy tread,
And silver runlets miss thy face;
Where ripe nuts fall thou hast no state,
Where deep glens murmur, thou art dumb.
By lonely meres thou dost not wait;—
Where roll the living waves of fate
I feel thee go and come!

O piteous one!—In wintry days
Over the City falls the snow,
Then, where it whitens smoky ways,
I see a Shade sit to and go;
Over the dull street hangs a cloud—
It parts, an ancient Face flits by,
'Tis thine! 'tis thou! nor stern, nor proud,
Dimly thou flutterest o'er the crowd,
With a thin human cry.

Ghost-like, O Pan, thou hoverest still,
An old, old Face, with dull dumb eyes!
On moonless nights thy breath blows chill
In the street-walker's dripping hair;
Thy ragged woe from street to street
Goes mist-like, constant day and night!
But often, where the black waves beat,
Thou hast a smile most strangely sweet
For honest hearts and light!

Where'er thy shadowy vestments fly
There comes across the waves of strife,
Across the souls of all close by,
The gleam of some forgotten life:
There is a sense of waters clear,
A sound like flowers in fresh brooks;
Strange-plumaged birds seem flitting near;
The cold brain blossoms, lives that hear
Murmur like running brooks.

And when thou passest, human eyes
Look in each other and are wet—
Simple or gentle, weak or wise,
Alike are full of tender fret;
And then the noble and the base
Raise common glances to the sky;
And lo! the phantom of thy Face,
White and sad, there all the place
Thrills thy thin human cry!

Christ help thee, Pan! canst thou not go
Now all the other gods are fled?
Why dost thou flutter to and fro
When all the sages deem thee dead?
Or, if thou yet wilt live and dream,
Why leave the vales of harvest fair—
Why quit the glades of wood and stream—
And haunt the streets with eyes that gleam
Thro' white and holy hair!

—*Robert Buchanan in Saint Paul's.*

COYOTE CANON.

The doctor was standing in the foremost row, where, without turning his head or stretching forward, he could gaze down directly into the pit, and observe everything that therein transpired; and there was no face in all the crowd that bore as deep an impress of jealous envy. The majority seemed to take the matter good-naturedly and philosophically; and there were several who congratulated Roaring Tom with as loud and enthusiastic applaud as though he had been their own brother—men without coats to their backs, and with the elbows of their red shirts torn into slits, rejoicing in a companion's fortune, and, for themselves, awaiting that turn of fate which they felt assured would some day intervene in their own favor.

Events sometimes move rapidly, and one exciting scene will not be thoroughly comprehended in all its bearings before the slide will shift and new wonders be shown. At one moment the doctor was gazing down into the claim with greedy envy depicted in every line and feature, as his eyes followed the motions of Roaring Tom wielding the pick, and every few seconds stooping to pull out the little red nuggets embedded in the compact mass of stones. The next moment the doctor turned partly around with dismay and affright, with the unmistakable expression of one who might have been long expecting the attack and now felt that it had come, for a heavy hand was suddenly laid upon his shoulder, and a harsh voice said, "Where did you pick up my horse, you scoundrel?"

It was Abel Bradshaw who spoke—it was his hand, that, with one flexible movement, crept up from the doctor's shoulder, and held with a firm grasp the collar of his flannel shirt. Large, broad-shouldered, muscular and alert—the captor held his victim with a close grip, from which there could be no escape, even had not the crowd, at the first intimation of a disturbance, rapidly closed around.

"How came you by that gray pony?" reiterated Abel. And now his fingers slowly relaxed from the shirt-collar, for the closing in of the crowd too surely prevented any thought of escape, even had the trembling limbs of the victim admitted of flight.

"Speak out! can't you?"

"I found him straying, and I took him, hoping some day to meet the owner, and then I—— No; I bought him from a stranger, not knowing that—— D—— you! take your horse, then, since it is yours, and let me go!"

"Not so fast! not so fast! And which of them stories am I to believe?" retorted Abel; and his face now expressed the sentiment of all the rest. For the culprit had too surely betrayed himself. Either of his pleas, by itself, might have been accepted as a plausible one, for it would have given the benefit of a doubt. But to couple the two extenuations together was surely a fatal error.

"Which of them is it, I say?" repeated Abel, when the victim, released from the firm grasp, sank slowly to the ground. Seeing the blunder he had already committed, had he not better continue silent and trust to chance or to pity for escape? For the moment, indeed, it seemed as though some reliance might be placed upon the latter, for many began to be compassionately moved at that spectacle of abject terror; and, despite the prevailing ill-favor toward the doctor, a few voices were, one after the other, raised in his behalf.

"I suppose it is your horse, sure enough, Bradshaw; but now that you've got 'im"——

"Should rather think it was my horse, eyes. Had him stolen some thirty miles down the road, three weeks ago. Tethered him along with the mules, and went to sleep, and when I woke up the mules was all there, but the horse was gone. Didn't ever expect to see him again, but just found him a few minutes ago in front of this fellow's tent. I knowed the horse at once, and what's more, the horse knowed me."

"Yes, to be sure; in course it was yourn. But now that you've got the beast back, why not let this poor devil go?"

"Nothing to me what becomes of him," responded Abel. "Let him go, if you all say so; and lucky he will be, too, for in some of the mines they would have hung him, sure."

Though the majority, moved by the pitiable condition of the prisoner, were inclined to release him, there were not a few who were now in favor of hanging, alleging that they had no grudge against the fellow, but that an example must be made, or else life and property would not be anywhere safe. These men were principally old miners, and they now quoted the example of other diggings in which they had formerly lived; some of which, owing to a vigorous execution of justice, were so purified from disorder that a man could safely lie out alone with a bag of gold-dust at his side; while, on the contrary, in other places a lax code of mining law had resulted in abundant robbery, murder, and general disorder. This being the first instance of transgression in Coyote Mine since its opening, the question of its proper treatment assumed some importance, being not merely a matter of the punishment or release of a single criminal, but the selection of a fixed penal policy for the future. Therefore, those who favored extreme punishment were listened to with calm thoughtfulness; and their number was gradually enlarging, when a third party arose and threatened for a moment to win the day.

"Why must we be obliged either to hang him or let him go?" was suggested. "Is there no middle course? Let us put a mark upon him which will make him known for all the future. Cut off his ears, I say."

"Yes; that's the thing. Bully for you! Cut off his ears!"

The cry was taken up at once, and bade fair to prevail. Already one or two men had their dirk-knives ready for presentation to the person selected to perform the job; and then, one, more eager than the rest, stooped down, and, with almost affectionate longing, lifted the golden curls from the temples of the present crouching victim. Like a flash, came a revulsion in the sentiments of the whole crowd. For, beneath those clustering and hitherto overshadowing locks, appeared the unmistakable signs of a mutilation having already been performed, and at no distant day; and a yell of vindictive surprise arose from all the crowd.

"Look, boys! He has stolen horses elsewhere, it seems! What shall we do with him now?" hoarsely cried one of the leaders.

In the confusion some one pointed significantly toward a neighboring pine; and upon that the crowd began to move, sweeping the criminal along with them. But at that instant one of the men broke into their midst, and called upon them, with a loud voice, to stop. He had not spoken hitherto, and seemed little known to the majority of them. But he was evidently one of those men endowed with that certain, indescribable magnetic power which fits them to influence and command wherever they go; and the crowd paused, and, hushing even their babble of suggestion and threatenings, listened intently to what he might have to say.

"Gently—gently, boys!" were his quiet words. "You would not hang a man in hot blood, would you? That would only bring disgrace upon the cañon. A fair trial, boys—a fair trial, whatever he may have done. Don't think that I want any one to escape punishment, if he is guilty; but he must be tried first."

"And so he must—and I know you, too!" cried Four-ace Bill. "Dern my buttons if you ain't Col. Bowler, of the Big-tree Junction! Don't you remember me, Colonel?"

"I think I remember a fellow looking like you," was the quiet reply. "You were accused of robbing a Mexican, and came near being hung for it—which would have been rather hard luck. And if you hadn't had a fair trial, you would have been hung, without any question; wouldn't you?"

"But it was proved that I didn't do it, Colonel, wasn't it?" eagerly demanded Bill, amid the laughter of the crowd. "Tell them that, now!"

"Yes, Bill; be easy on that score. It all came out that it was another man, and that the worst you ever did was to drink too much and get into free fights. I'll say that for you. But you see from that, boys, that a fair trial is due to every man; and this fellow must have it, as well as any other. Why hang in haste, boys? you can wait until to-morrow, can't you? The game won't spoil. So take him over to his own tent, and let a guard be kept over him; and to-morrow, when we are not in as hot blood, we will convene a Court and do everything regularly and in order."

Influenced by his manner and by his argument, and partially put into a good humor by the sudden exposure of Four-ace Bill's previous dangers, the crowd assented, and immediately began to disperse, forgetting, in that superior matter of excitement, all about Roaring Tom's rich strike, and intent only upon the fate of the prisoner.

In all the mine, there were found few to sympathize with the culprit—none to take his fate to heart, except where, before his own tent-door, Giles Holden sat at his expiring fire, and, with his face buried between his knees, was absorbed in deep reflection.

He was sick and aching at heart. It seemed a cruel thing to be forced to hold his conduct in his own hands, and be thus obliged to balance irresolutely to and fro, between proffered good fortune on the one hand, and his inner consciousness of right and wrong upon the other.

It was a self-dispute about a simple, plain, untrammelled matter—a thing admitting of no dependent or connecting issues, but only to be decided by yes or no; and yet, so much hung upon that decision! The plain, uncompromising question, whether or not he should try to save that man—that was all.

Upon the one side was the continuance to Addie, his betrothed, of her good fortune—more than ever desirable, now that he had so readily lost all the benefit of his long labor, and had become almost penniless, except for the few nuggets that he had picked up during the last few days and the trifle for which he had sold his claim. To save her fortune to her, all he had to do was to remain silent—not to raise hand or foot, but to let the rude course of mining justice run on to its destined and usual end. The man would be hanged—no one would know even his name, certainly not the peculiar relation existing between those two, the circumstance would be soon forgotten—there would be a little grave somewhere, flattened to the ground, with no record planted upon it, and in a few days thereafter to be overgrown and unnoticed; and that was all. And, with that, the little fortune at home would be assured beyond any further danger. But yet, in his own heart, Holden felt that he, at least, could never forget the event—that, ever after, there would return to torment him the guilty memory of having stood by and consented to the death of one who, though so debased, was none the less the brother of her whom he so loved and trusted. It seemed as though thenceforth the mere thought of that nameless grave would haunt him, keeping him from resting at home, and drawing him away, year after year, to look upon the spot as upon a piece of his own foul work—as though his very dreams would betray him, and force him to mutter in his sleep the dreadful secret.

On the other hand, there was the chance that, by active exertions, he might save the man—a mere chance, perhaps, but still something to snatch at with hope. Were he to succeed, it would not be necessary for him to reveal the fact that a little fortune of $10,000 awaited a claimant at home. Life being saved, the rescued man might be left to wander off to other mines, and very likely would soon meet his end in some different manner. But what if the man were some day to drift back to his home for rest and old associations, as men will sometimes do? Then would come the revelation of that precious legacy gathered in by another's hand—the recognition of that other one as the person who had known of his existence and legal rights, and yet had failed to make disclosure in the proper season—the recrimination, beggary and probable disgrace. Would it be worth while to live with the incubus of such an apprehension weighing upon him, year after year? Would it not be better, at the very first, to give up everything, and for another season trust to the chances of the mines?

So, balancing the pros and cons of right and wrong—feeling all the time in his own heart in which direction the proper path really lay—he sat and pondered. The mist of evening fell around and shrouded the mine in gloom. The distant hills vanished from sight. The neighboring pines lost separate distinctness, and coalesced into one ragged border of blackness against the darkening sky. Here and there along the further border of the cañon scattered campfires began to twinkle. His own camp-fire fell away, and began to smolder into nothingness; when suddenly the tread of an intruder came near, and a hand was lightly laid upon his shoulder.

"Look here, Holden," said Frank Gildersleeve, in a hurried, excitable sort of whisper, "that man must be saved. We must not let him be put to death, if we can help it. But, good gracious, old fellow! Arouse yourself a little, and do not take things so much to heart!"

"To heart, you say?" responded the other, with a vacant, half-affrighted gaze, as though his terrible secret had been read. "About what, Frank?"

"Why, about your bad luck with the claim. It was hard, to be sure; but you have the mines all before you, and may very well do better another day. Let that pass. This man—can we not do something to save him?"

"But how, Frank?"

"We can, at least, try; can we not? If we fail, we will have done our duty. Par-

haps other men have been little while blamed in the country, may not mind these things as much? Ha, even prove to approve of them. But now, Holden, being not yet used to such rough things, it don't seem quite the right course to hang a man for merely stealing a horse."

"See here, Frank. What interest can you have in this fellow? Why should you not rather be glad to let things take their course, and so get him out of the way? Don't you remember that a few days ago you were so jealous that you could scarcely keep a quarrel with him at such a ball into to him? And now, that a lot of men take the affair into their own hands, and, without your saying a word or raising a finger propose to finish him, you wheel around, and are ready to fight for him. I don't understand it."

"I think I understand it, Holden. I can see that I need not be jealous of him any more. He is not a bad-looking fellow, as some would count looks; and I remember that I was very angry at seeing Tiny smile upon him as she did, and talk about him—though perhaps she did that partly to tease me. And if he were at home, and in good favor socially, it might be that he could give me a great deal of trouble that way. But I feel assured, now, that Tiny could never smile again upon a man so disgraced."

"Of course not, Frank."

"That may not help me, though," he continued. "There are more men in the world than we two. You see, when I heard that he had been seized, and might be hung, I felt, for the instant, a kind of secret joy, just because he was going to be put out of the world and out of my way, without any care or responsibility on my part. That was a murderous thought, was it not?"

"It was a thought that would be very easy for any one to have," responded Holden, hanging his head, as he felt that he had given himself up to a similar frame of mind, and perhaps had not as fully tried to realise to himself the error of it. "But go on."

"I tried to repress the thought, but, hearing more of the affair and of his career, I knew that Tiny could never think of him with favor, and that my mind could be easy about that. Then, Holden, I began to wonder how I should have acted, if matters had been different. Suppose that he was not such a vagabond, but had been unjustly accused, and was in danger of being hung for some other person's fault? I knew, then, that if I stood aloof and let things take their course, I would be, in a manner, consenting to his death, and would be reaping advantage from it. It would be as like blood-money! And not for ten thousand dollars would I"——

"Why do you say ten thousand dollars?" interrupted Holden, looking up, suspiciously, at the instant the mention of that particular sum struck a chill through him.

"Why do I say it?" responded Frank, somewhat surprised at the singularity of the question. "I suppose I mentioned that sum as being the only one that, at the moment, came into my head. Any other amount would have done as well for an illustration. What I meant was, that for no sum of money would I be in the position of taking advantage of another man's death, when, perhaps, I might have rescued him. Well, as I was saying, let us imagine that things were a little different, and that by his death I could have won Tiny. I tell you, Holden, that I believe I would then be the most miserable man in the world. Every time I would look at her, I would feel like an assassin—as though I had only gained her by striking another man down. Better would it be to have this fellow live and take her away from my side, and settle down next door to me all the rest of my life—better that, a thousand times, than the other."

"Yes—yes, much better, Frank," murmured Holden, sinking his head between his hands. "Go on."

"That is all, I believe. There is nothing more. Except that, having made up my mind, I must try to save him. Have I made myself understood?"

"Almost too plainly, Frank; for you have shown me what, and how, I—that is to say, you are right, and I am wrong; and—— Let us go now," and the man slowly raised himself from the ground and stood erect. All doubts, subterfuge and subtlety were swept away. "Let us go, Frank; and whether we succeed or not in saving that man, at least we will have eased our consciences, so that"——

"My conscience, you mean, Holden. For what trouble can you be in about the matter?"

"Yes, your conscience, if you will have it so. Though it might be on my own—on everybody's conscience who stood idly by and let a man die for such a crime. So, take my hand, and we will go to Col. Bowler's tent. There, I fancy, the matter must be decided. But first, Frank"——

"Well?"

"Look yonder"—and he pointed toward Judge Stetwin's tent, only a few paces off. For awhile, it had appeared dark and obscure; but within the last moment, a slumbering coal had suddenly lighted into flame and had leaped up, licking the dry twigs that had lain upon it, and the contagion of fiery animation had spread from top to bottom of the pile, and now the whole was in a merry blaze, with sportive crackling. The ruddy flame leaped high, covering the white canvas with a glow and bringing into plain relief the soft folds of the white garments of one who sat therein. "Look there, Frank."

"Well, Holden?"

"Perhaps you had better first go thither," said Holden. "You know how often I have told you not to be afraid. You see that she is alone. Most probably the Judge has gone over to the camp on our errand. Seize the opportunity. I will go on, and you can follow in time to give me your aid."

"Yes, I will go," responded Gildersleeve, mustering courage, and wringing Holden by the hand—as when one takes good-by of his companions to go upon a "forlorn hope"—he pressed forward. Then, having advanced a few paces, his valor seemed to ooze out, and he turned longingly after Holden, possibly with intent to join him again. But the other was already some distance off, and advancing with long strides. Gildersleeve, again turning, crept slowly and irresolutely along, and at last, almost before he was aware of it, found himself standing before Tiny.

"Good evening, Frank," she said. There seemed to be a sadness in her tone, and he imagined that it boded no good to his cause. In dire disturbance of spirit, he moodily played with the handle of his sheath-knife—that fancy implement, which was never drawn except to cut off pine chips to start the camp-fire—and responded:

"To you, also, Tiny. You are all alone, I see."

"Yes, Frank. Father has gone across to see if he cannot do somethine for that unhappy man."

"As I supposed. In fact, Holden told me that I would find him there, when I went over for I am going over there, too, in a moment, Tiny; am going to join the others, and try to save him."

"You, too, will really do that, Frank? Thanks—a great many thanks. You will make me obliged to you for all the rest of my life."

"Ah!" and he breathed hard for a moment. It seemed to him that these were, after all, greater thanks than the nature of the case demanded. And the thought crossed him that perhaps he had been right in his first jealous suppositions, and that she really cared for the doomed man. Did not women sometimes take strange fancies? Had he not read that they had been known to fall in love with dwarfs, and cripples, and all sorts of strange monstrosities; and, therefore, would a pair of clipped ears be so certain to deter Tiny or turn her from her passion, more especially as it might have been engendered before the revelation of that disgraceful mutilation? And, as for the man's detection in crime, was it not almost a cardinal article of faith among women never to surrender their affections by reason of any sin or misfortune in the objects of them, but rather, perhaps, to cling the closer to them? And then, too, he remembered the sadness with which she had that moment greeted him.

It did not occur to him that the late incident of mining life, which had been so powerful to arouse all the slumbering passions and energies of the man, might well suffice to depress the spirits of a young girl. In her passage across the plains, she had seen rough life enough, but it was a life of mere hardship, without cruelty or bitterness of men toward each other. The daily tasks had been gone through good-temperedly and with mutual spirits of kindness, and the occasional dangers had drawn those bonds of fellowship even stronger, making all the party stand shoulder to shoulder in yet more complete feeling of fraternity. But now, upon her very entrance into the promised land, the scene seemed changed. Confusion, outbreak, and charges of crime had intervened; retribution and revenge by some rough, impromptu law were everywhere spoken of. Only a few yards distant was the tent of the prisoner himself, into which the sad sun had set him, with cords about his wrists, and around it a cordon of three men, keeping watch and guard. Besides these, others watch their movements, lest he escape or shoot himself.

"Well, Tiny," said Frank, after the man's despondent reflection, "I will do what I can for him, since I find that it pleases you so much. I would that it were any one else, though. I came to tell you—I hoped"——

Fairly breaking down, he stopped; while upon Tiny's face, there was, for the instant, a shade of puzzled expression. Then, as she began to comprehend his meaning, a slight smile of amused perception flickered across her face. Was his jealous nature still asserting itself? Should she again, as a few days ago, tease him into renewed wildness and despair?

"Why, listen to me, Frank," she said, holding out the olive-branch at last, and resolutely driving from her heart every temptation to coquetry. "Can you really be so blinded as to believe that for an instant I could have thought or cared about that miserable, wretched man, who never came near me without causing me to shudder, but whose impending fate I cannot, for all that, help deploring?"

"No, Tiny. Are you really in earnest? I thought—then, perhaps, you can—— See here, Tiny; I have been so long wanting to talk to you about it, but then I thought it would be more honorable for me, perhaps, to wait until you saw me as I shall be in San Francisco. May I talk to you about it when I get to San Francisco?"

In his new-found hope, he seemed to have gained courage at least; and so, getting together such few dislocated words, rambled on, expressing everything, indeed, but actually saying nothing for a certainty. He believed, though, not only for the moment, but afterward, when he came to think it over, that he had expressed himself with clearness, conciseness, and impassioned eloquence. Should she provoke him a little now, and affect to remain ignorant of his real meaning, and so once more put him to the blush?

"Yes, Frank. When we get to San Francisco, you can—can say to me what you wish."

Looking up slyly and timidly, she watched his color come and go, her own face showing responsive tints; and, so looking into each other's eyes they saw that the question was settled between them.

"Now go, Frank, and do what you can to save that poor man. For my sake, you know."

"Yes, for your sake, Tiny. You see I am not jealous any more." And, moved with sudden access of courage, he took her hand and lovingly stooped toward her. But she laughingly drew back.

"Not now, Frank—not yet. Not until you have said everything to me—San Francisco, you know."

And so, suddenly losing his courage again—for he had already gone further than he had ever anticipated he could—he feebly echoed her laugh and left her. Wondering, as he strode over the plain, how he had ever dared to speak out as plainly as he had, and yet, now that it was done, wondering to find that it was all so easy; puzzling himself, at times, with the doubt whether he could be as eloquent again in the day when he came to talk to Judge Stetwin upon the subject; a little mystified with the idea that perhaps it was a dream, and that any moment he might wake up to the dread reality of nothing at all having transpired—so he stumbled on toward the camp. Nor had he quite collected all his faculties, when, coming to the end of his route, he found himself at the camp-fire of Col. Bowler, upon the outskirts of a little group of which the Colonel himself was the prominent centre.

The Colonel stood with one hand firmly braced upon his left hip, the other hanging carelessly at his side, in apparent readiness for action or oratory, as the nature of the case might require; while he calmly listened to the running commentary of argument and suggestion that dowsed out about him. Thus noticed, he could not fail of being recognized, even at a careless glance, as a man of marked influence, though it might not have been easy to tell exactly why. His figure was well knit, his eye clear, his forehead broad and expansive, his mouth firm-set and decisive; yet there were other men around whose conflict with the world had stamped them, in greater degree, perhaps, with the same attributes of feature and expression. Possibly it might have been the nature of his dress which assisted him; since in that he was most scrupulously neat, joined to some regard for the picturesque, and contrasting forcibly with the usual display of others about him. Most of the miners carried their rags and discolorations without attempt at disguise or concealment, and even with a sort of wild enjoyment, as though these were the patents of social freedom; while even Judge Stetwin, who seemed to maintain a careful attention and propriety in the matter of costume, displayed something of the remains of an Eastern and civilized air, a little at variance with those wilds, and far less effective in the creation of a suitable impression, than were the nice-fitting red shirt and black pistol-belt and slouched Panama of the Colonel. But whether it came from face, or form, or dress, or all together, it is certain that, wherever he went, the Colonel seemed marked out as a natural repository for confidence, and in any disturbance, was, with a sort of unanimous acclaim, selected as the proper instrument of the public will. Even here that flattering destiny attended him; for, though at the time of the arrest, he had appeared upon the scene late and almost unknown, at once he seemed to inspire general trustfulness in his ability to express and carry out the common interests; and now, without any formal appointment or election, stood in the centre of the group, the acknowledged judge and master of the occasion.

The group was not a large one. There were perhaps eight or ten men in all, among whom were Judge Stetwin, Abel Bradshaw and Giles Holden. There were a few others, who being recognised in a greater or less degree as leading spirits of the cañon, felt that they had authority to be present at that acknowledged central council. The company remained a small one, and, with some dignity and thoughtfulness, discussed the weighty matter of the disposition of the culprit. For, though this was not the trial, and though it had been determined that the trial should take place the next day, and be attended with scrupulous fairness and with all the ceremony that the nature of the case would allow, it could not fail to be perceived, that, inasmuch as the criminal had already committed himself, there could be no question about the verdict, and that, in the uniformity of deliberation, his fate would be determined.

"You speak to the point, Judge," remarked the Colonel, "and yet you speak as a lawyer, rather than as one acquainted with the rights and necessities of a population like ours. You have been too lately in the East, you see; in a few months, you will look at these matters with other eyes. You say that we have no authority in law to take this man's life, and that, in any event, we should not take one life except for another; that the death penalty for a theft is not a thing to be thought of or allowed. Is not that your line of argument?"

"Exactly, Col. Bowler. Nor do I see how you can avoid giving way to it."

"Only on the ground, Judge, that the necessities of the country have made a higher law, and one which, under certain circumstances, you yourself will admit. What do you do with the Indian on the plains who has stolen your horse, and whom you overtake with the property in his possession? He has his constitutional rights as well as any other person, perhaps, and yet you shoot him on the spot. Why do you not rather imprison him for five or six years? Because not only is there no available prison at hand, but if there was, the fellow would laugh at such a punishment. Therefore you strip him of his constitutional rights, make a new law for the occasion, and shoot him. Now, here is a man who is as troublesome to our frontier civilization as is an Indian on the plains. He has already been punished probably for a similar offense, by the loss of his ears. He will not heed the warning, and does the same thing again. What, then, shall be done? Where are your State prisons? And, in lieu of them, must we let him go? By the same rule, you must then release any one who commits any crime, which in more settled communities, is not known as a crime unto death; and where then, in a little while, would be your personal safety—yes, the safety of your child, Judge Stetwin?"

"But still"——

"Look upon it in another light, Judge. In the East, you punish the man who forges a twenty-dollar check more severely than he who takes a twenty-dollar bill from off a counter. And why? Because the former crime can be more easily committed, and therefore must be attended with greater severities for its prevention. Now, then, theft is an easy matter here, and hence the punishment of it must be more severe, to act as a deterrent. We have no iron safes for our gold, or stables for our horses and mules."

"There may be some reason in what you say, Colonel; but yet not enough to convince me, at least in the present matter. I have no especial reason to care for this man, and yet, as I do not like to see a life taken illegally, I must try to save him. Since, then, I fail to convince you, I must try another course. I was about to leave for San Francisco to-morrow noon, but now I will remain over. I will attend at what you call his trial, and will argue in his behalf. If that is insufficient, I will be present even at the place of execution, appeal to the people, and"——

"No, no; don't do that, Judge," interrupted the Colonel, laying his hand upon the other's arm. "I don't mean, you will understand, to keep you away for the purpose of insuring the fellow's death. I don't want the responsibility of contriving that. I stand here as the exponent of the people's will, and if they say he should be hung, I can't but agree with them that it should be done. On the other hand, if they say let him go, I will cheerfully assent. I merely now give you the hint to keep aloof, so that your ideas may have fair play. Stay away, and it may be possible that, at the last moment, the sundry will take possession and let the wretch go free. I have known it happen, though not often. Interfere, and his doom is sealed."

"And why?"

"Because you are known to be a lawyer. Men here are distrustful of the law and its agents. I do not say that they are wisely so. I simply state a fact. Many of these miners have been ruined by the law, as administered by corrupt practitioners, and they now dread it as a pestilence, and will have none of it, if they can help it. Others have not had much to do with the law personally, but they believe it to be an instrument made up of delays, extortions, appeals, and execution, and they, too, will have none of it. Stay away, therefore, and trust to the only chance—the possible awakening pity of a crowd. If they see you interfering, it will arouse all their fierce sentiment of opposition to the chance of any application of that old system which they have so learned to dread as one of injustice and oppression; and then no power on earth can save the man. Why, Judge, there is no one in the whole mine who can not do more for him than you can. That raw Irish woman who was here a moment ago, with her random but sincere pleadings in his behalf, almost touched our pity, and may yet have some effect with the miners, if she takes them at the propitious moment. Our friend, here, Holden, could do more than you, for he is known by the miners more intimately as one of themselves; and they, somehow, feel that in his bad luck of today, he has some claim upon their sympathy, and they might take a notion to gratify him, when they would not even listen to you."

"I don't know as to that, exactly," Holden here broke in, somewhat to the astonishment of the Colonel, who had evidently not expected the argument to be taken up in that quarter. "I wouldn't think of putting forward my own bad luck as a reason for being listened to; but for all that, I have come here to try and save the man. And if I do it on this ground, Col. Bowler, that I have more to lose by his life than the whole mine can gain by his death, why, then, perhaps, my words may have some weight."

"Why, how now? And what is all this, Holden?"

"Just as I was about to say, Colonel. In the first place, the man is the brother of a little girl I am to marry some day. They thought for years that he was dead, and it is only lately that I have learned the contrary. Naturally, of course, a man don't want to have his brother-in-law hung. And this is where you may think I am to gain by his life. Well, yes, after a manner, as far as the sentiment of the affair goes. But where I am to lose is here: If this man is set free he may go home again, and then he will claim the fortune that was left to the oldest child, meaning my own little girl, but which then, in law, would stand for him. And yet, Judge, it is my business to save him if I can for her sake, and therefore I wish to do it. I said I would ask nothing of the mine, by reason of my own bad luck in selling out for so little and Roaring Tom immediately reaping the reward of all my hard labor, yet, if, by mentioning it, I may get, through sympathy, what I want, I will not forbear."

Warming up with his feelings, Holden continued for some minutes pleading his cause before that little group; not saying anything additional in the way of new argument, indeed, but, after the manner of an uncultivated mind, repeating over and over again the same sequence of thought in somewhat different words. Yet even in this he gained some effect; for as he went on and gradually felt the hesitation, with which he had commenced, disappear, his words came more fluently and with almost impassioned energy, and with something of an earnest affection, for the culprit in whose behalf he pleaded.

As he went on, expressions of sympathetic interest came out here and there, and hard features seemed to soften, as with some long-unfelt emotion, and one or two looked stealthily around at the others, as though to read how they were impressed with the scene, ready to yield if the common feeling would allow it. What, in the end, might have been the result of that pleading, cannot be known; for, suddenly, there came rasping across the plain the quick, sharp report of a single rifle; and, as by simultaneous impulse, that whole group of men started, and gazed wildly in that one direction, striving to pierce the gathered gloom. It was no novelty, at any hour of the day or night, to hear the crack of firearms—so common, indeed, that it seldom caused remark or notice; but now, this single sound seemed to bring to all a certain vague, incomprehensible warning of unusual incident. Then, as all stood speechless, listening for other sounds, there came a wild cry, the hail of men to each other, the rapid rush from the borders of the plain to one central spot; and so, following the example, that little group of men who stood in judgment, broke up and hurried thither.

At first, in the darkness and distance, nothing could be seen; but as they came nearer, a motionless figure lay upon the sod. A few men had already reached the place, and among them Four-ace Bill, still holding his warm rifle.

"You should not have put me upon guard over him!" the man wildly cried out. "You might have known what would come of it. I call you all to witness that I did not intend to kill him, so help me God! When I saw that he had got free and crawled under the tent and was running away, I fired only to frighten him and make him stop. I did not mean to hit him."

"It would have been more to your credit if you had intended to hit him; then the more surely would you have done your duty," remarked Col. Bowler, speaking now with all his natural, magisterial rigidity of tone. "Since he was trying to escape, it was necessary that you should have killed him—it, indeed, he be really dead."

With that, the Colonel stooped down, and placed his hand over the heart. Dead, indeed! The bullet, whether by accident or not, had sped straight to the heart. There was no other wound. And now, as one of the party brought a brand from the nearest fire and held it close down for a torch, they could see upon the dead man's face a look they had never noticed before; with death, there had come a new life to the expression, as it were—or, rather, the old life of boyhood, so long obscured by vicious indulgence, had come back in all its purity, and driven off shedater and debased traits of a fallen manhood. Gone, forever, the mean, cringing look; he lay, gazing up at the sky, with the soft curls clustering round his temples.

"Just as poor Addie might have liked to see him—as she remembers him now, I suppose," murmured Holden, as he stooped over and dwelt upon the features. "You go on to the city to-morrow, Judge? Wait until noon, and I will go with you on my way home. There is nothing to keep me here now. Even if there were, the thought comes over me that I should not like to see digging around so heartless-like, with Addie's brother lying close at hand under the turf. And the funeral, Judge—you will help me with that? For you see this is my affair, Colonel. None others should come in, only as I ask them to. He must be buried by me, carefully and kindly, forgetting has—his errors. We will put him under yonder pine, where the shade will be over him, and where there is no gold, so that he will never be disturbed. Will some one lend me a knife?"

The Colonel proffered his, drawing it long and gleaming, from its sheath; and Holden, again stooping over, gently cut off one of the soft, fair curls, and wrapping it carefully up, put it away.

"I will give her that, Judge. I need not tell her how he died; but I can say that I found and recognised him; and that he is dead. Perhaps she will not ask to hear any more. If she does, it will do no harm if I make up some little story, to soften things. But it will be best that she should know, even now, for certain, that he is really dead—and I know that she will be pleased to have the lock of hair. And as for myself, Judge, I know that I shall never cease to thank God that I kept my own integrity and manhood to the end!"—*Overland Monthly.*

LITERARY MADMEN.—Dr. MOREAU (de Tours) has written a work in which he contends that genius arises from the same organic conditions as insanity, and is, in fact, synonymous with it. His theory substantially amounts to this: That genius, like insanity, is a symptom of disease of the brain. Without conceding all that is claimed by Dr. MOREAU, it cannot be denied that a very large number of the geniuses of the world have been either melancholic or very eccentric, and, in some instances, have been the victims of violent and repeated attacks of insanity. Dr. JOHNSON was hypochondriacal, and in various ways gave evidence of a morbid condition of the brain. At the early age of twenty he became the victim of melancholic delusions, and from that time forward was never happy. On one occasion he exclaimed, despairingly, "I would consent to have an arm amputated, to recover my spirits." Wretchedness like this, when it is temporary or spasmodic, may signify but little; but when it is persistent and life-long, it must be regarded as the symptom of cerebral disease that may, and often does, advance to absolute madness. The violent impetuosity of Dr. JOHNSON, his unreasonable prejudices, may be accounted for on the same theory. Some of the brightest geniuses in literature have been at intervals subject to attacks of madness. SOUTHEY lived for years in perpetual dread of insanity, and when at last he kneeled in the furrow, worn out through mental excitement and fatigue, he composed that most instructive and useful of his works, *The Life of Cowper.* That ROUSSEAU was a lunatic will be admitted without question by those who have studied his life and writings, however ardently they may admire his genius. PASCAL was one of the most original thinkers of France, but no inmate of any asylum ever presented more indisputable proofs of mental disease than those which characterized his whole career. All his life he walked in darkness, knowing not at what he stumbled, in constant fear both of the present and the future. He was the victim of absurd delusions, was harassed by excessive nervousness, and was the slave of uncontrollable eccentricities. On examination after death, his brain was found to be very seriously diseased.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A FAVORITE ENGLISH ACTRESS.—Miss MARIE WILTON (or Mrs. BANCROFT) has a well-deserved reputation as a capable and finished actress, with a perfect command of all the powers and emotions necessary to express a situation. She could act a lady admirably were a proper part written for her. Some readers may smile at this qualification. What! in Mr. ROBERTSON'S "comedies of society," no ladies? Yet this was a defect in that writer; his models of genteel life were all taken from a peculiar class, whose manners, however simple and free, were certainly not refined. The young ladies, for instance, which Miss WILTON used to play in "Ours," and in "School," were of a singularly familiar type, and behaved like shop-girls of a superior kind. The grand "effect" in "Ours" was the making a pudding, which was carried out with the confidence and familiarity a young lady of the kind would exhibit. A really refined young girl always shows a certain reserve and shyness in a new situation. However, Miss WILTON is an actress, and can act; and she puts an air of life, vivacity, and reality into everything she acts. She has great powers of expression both of face and person, and very great variety in the representation of character; she has great "finish," great industry, and unquestionable humor. She is even entitled to the credit of founding a school, and all the existing young ladies of the stage who have any credit or ability, make love, coquette, or play the *ingenue*, by following the Wilton tradition. Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Claire, Miss Addison, and above all Miss Amy Fawsitt, of the "Two Roses" celebrity, copy her faithfully. The dramatists, too, seem to have Miss WILTON always before them, and every young heroine in every new comedy seems to have only the same little armory of devices and attractions that we saw in "School." This type is a combination of simplicity and slyness, with remarks that are naive and smart. She makes the lover uncomfortable by laughing at him, and at the same time reveals a deep and romantic attachment. She is fond of small practical jokes, and assisted by a female friend of congenial temperament, who has also an admirer, contrives to make two gentlemen look foolish. There is always a "kettle business," or the "pudding business" before alluded to, or perambulator, or the wearing a gentleman's coat to keep off the rain. Miss WILTON can assume a face of genuine fun—standing pointing with her finger at the lover whom she is "rallying," and going off into a sudden burst of musical laughter; she can say a good thing to the same person with a sly wickedness that convulses the house. But still, she and her imitators have, in spite of repeated successes, marred or rather limited their powers, and have only shown the public that one character of the middle-class girl whose manners are so completely refined. But this is really the fault of the writers, who, as they reproduce the same characters, must expect them to be presented in the same way. It is needless to say that the types of female character and of young girls are inexhaustible in their variety.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

ABOUT WOMAN.—The person says that woman is always more restless under the most favorable conditions, and that there is no state in which she is really happy except that of change. I suppose this is the truth taught in what has been called the "Myth of the Garden." Woman is perpetual revolution, and is that element in the world which continually destroys and re-creates. She is the experimenter and the suggester of new combinations. She has no belief in any law of eternal fitness of things. She is never even content with any arrangement of her own house. The only reason the mistress could give, when she r

WATER FRAUDS.

Further Report from the Subcommittee of the Brooklyn Fifty.

Its Proposed Storage Reservoir—Further Fallacies Respecting the Matter—A Question of Veracity.

The Subcommittee of the Brooklyn Committee of Fifty have made the following additional report in reference to the Hempstead Storage Reservoir:

CHAMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY, No. 361 FULTON-STREET, BROOKLYN, June 23, 1871.

To the Executive Committee of the Committee of Fifty of the City of Brooklyn:

Your Subcommittee, to whom it was assigned to investigate the affairs of the Permanent Board of Water and Sewerage Commissioners, now leave to continue their report on the Hempstead Storage Reservoir.

We resume this subject with malice toward none, with firmness in the right, as it is permitted us to know the right.

Since our last sole issue, five affidavits have been published attempting to contradict some of the statements made in Mr. McDONALD'S affidavit as published in our report of the 3d inst. The incorporated sons of these affidavits in their best refutation, and their malignity and violence are in proof that they would receive no reply from us, did we not apprehend that persons not familiar with the parties and circumstances might conclude that Mr. McDONALD had attempted to mislead the people, when, and not we, are the Grand Jury that ultimately will have to pass upon these various questions.

We are pleased to make one or two corrections of statements as published in our last report:

(1.) The pump will must be 6 feet 4 inches, and not 6 feet 8 inches, as the waster wastes at section h.

(2.) SMITH did not let the three ponds under his charge waste into the stream below, but let the water run in full force into the conduit that wasted it at section d, as Mr. MCDONALD now admits he did let, and that he thus directed it for the reason that he had a spite against an old miller below who would receive the benefit of the escape down the stream. This explanation may come out some church quarrel; the particulars of which it is not necessary to relate; but the object of wasting was correctly set forth in his affidavit viz: To prepare for the expected visit of the Mayor and Common Council.

Mr. MCDONALD also says that he hid in the grass the winch used in shutting the water-gate at Bailey's Pond, lest Mr. VAN ALLEN, finding out the mistake, might test this gate; but VAN ALLEN did not find out the mistake.

With these corrections and explanations Mr. MCDONALD reiterates the charges set out in his affidavit as published by us.

Since the publication of the affidavits of the "Water Board" employes a good number of certificates complimentary to Mr. MCDONALD have been received by us—a few of which we subjoin. Those from Messrs. Geo. E. Hall, and Geo. Dealer, all of Cypress Hills; Dimar Jewell, John Ives, Peter Rapelye, George W. Palmer, Horace F. Miller, Charles R. Miller, Albert Von Sicklen, W. Von Sicklen, Philip Reed, and many others, of East New-York; and, in short, were we inclined and had time to report to every gentleman (except Water Board employes) of respectable standing, residing at Cypress Hills, East New-York, and New-Lots, generally.

Some of the journals of the day complain that we publish no new facts, but Mr. KINGSLEY in his affidavit says, in substance, that McDONALD'S affidavit contains no new information he ever heard that the ponds had been improperly worked or manipulated. Here he gives us too much credit. We clip from the journals of the day intimations which he certainly must have noticed, and insert a few:

THE OPINION OF MR. ROBERT G. ANDERSON.

From the Brooklyn Union, Jan. 2, 1871.

A *Union* reporter visited this morning Mr. ROBERT G. ANDERSON, a gentleman residing in close to the neighborhood of the Hempstead Reservoir and the ponds from which it derives its supply. Mr. ANDERSON expressed himself as astonished at the report of the Superintendent of Public Works, which he had perused in the *Union*. He did not coincide in the statements therein contained.

REPORTER—Then, Mr. ANDERSON, there is no appearance so far as large ponds are concerned, of a failure of the supply of water?

Mr. ANDER—Well, it has been a very dry Winter, after a remarkably dry summer and Fall, and the ponds are not as low as they should be; there are causes for that which could readily be obviated.

REPORTER—Are they lower than they have been during the Fall?

Mr. ANDER—Two weeks ago, when I visited it, the Hempstead Pond was at a dead level. But I noticed no difference in the flow of water into my premises. The stream is as powerful as ever.

REPORTER—Then the threatened failure seems to indicate the necessity of a storage reservoir?

Mr. ADAMS—Not at all. If with the means now in their possession, the Water Board cannot furnish an adequate supply, a storage reservoir of the same project will be a total failure. There are a great many obstacles in the way of such a reservoir, such as evaporation, and the diversion of the springs which now supply ponds into other channels by the enormous back pressure of the accumulated water. I have investigated the subject thoroughly, and I believe that good judgment would dictate that no engineer believes there is plenty of water readily attainable, especially during the very severe snow-storm we have just experienced. I would like to see common sense used in the matter, and not have so much money wasted as in the report of Mr. ADAMS, and am compelled to believe that there is something not yet published underlying it.

WHY ALARM THE PUBLIC?

To the Editor of the Union:

In our paper of last evening contains a report of the Water board, from its Engineer, COL. JULIUS ADAMS, stating that the streams do not furnish a sufficient amount of water to meet the requirements of the city of Brooklyn. Further, that the pumping engines at Ridgewood have stopped working for want of water, and in case of a large fire the city would be at the mercy of the flames. This is sudden and startling news to the people. The engineer's report of 1869, or is this report made at this particular time to influence certain legislation at Albany. It is well known that but a few days since a bill was introduced into the Senate by Senator FERRIS, authorizing the purchase of all the water resources on Long Island, if necessary, to supply the city. Can it be possible, after passing one of the severest Winters on record, with no engineer's report of a scarcity of water, and as the termination of one of the severest snow-storms we have known for years—which must naturally increase the flow of water from the streams—that the report is correct?

BOOK, Mr. Editor. If Col. ADAMS, instead of sounding unnecessary alarm, had applied his sagacity, it has a way of suggesting to means at easy command, no doubt the difficulty could be readily met; and if he does not know how, I will take the liberty to suggest as follows:

First by securing as many as necessary of ARPAPAW'S power-driven lifting pumps—which have been known to pump out ships with immense leaks—these pumps at a point below BAISLEY'S pond dam, at SIMMONS', at P. CORNELL'S and at SMITH'S pond. At the present point alone, according to a former report of Col. JULIUS ADAMS, there was a million gallons of water ran daily to waste during the past dry season, and I am informed by a gentleman of this city, a resident of the locality of that pond, that he was certain, from his observations, that the waste was greater than the engineer reported. By adopting this method, at least something like eight million gallons of water daily could be saved to the city at a certain expense. Should the Water Board officials or assessors propose spending on a wild-goose pond which would not drain the land half as thoroughly as it would the pockets of Brooklyn citizens, they would be guilty of a fraud. In the letter I wrote two years ago, I am satisfied these suggestions are sound, and respectfully ask the attention of the public on a matter in which they are deeply interested.

Respectfully, (Signed) E. C. BURNETT.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 28, 1871.

MR. WM. SMITH, Sr., of Christian Hook, Long Island, Feb. 9, 1871, writes to the *Hempstead Inquirer*, to ask: "If the Water Board of Brooklyn are engineering for water or for money?" He goes on to comment tons on the recent water scare;

"Engineer ADAMS reported on Friday last that the pumping-engines at East New-York were stopped for want of water. The next day he publicly states the danger is over, and there is plenty of water, only wanting to be let on. Now, there is nothing like fear, and we simple-living country people can hardly comprehend such downright nonsense. It is quite evident that there are men in Brooklyn who can see further into the springs and streams and ponds out here than we can, who know every foot of the land and have a daily view of the water-flow. These theoretical gentlemen have a fund of knowledge, the length and breadth, and the depth of which, perhaps all understanding. I wish but the people of Brooklyn and outsiders sensible men, who would believe its own eyes; there need be less alarm about the scarcity of water, and cheaper methods of increasing the supply for further requirements."

In further support of Mr. MCDONALD'S position, we add, that the bill finally establishing this Reservoir scheme, was signed by the Governor, Feb. 16, 1871, and thereby became a law. It was given out that this bill would be vetoed. Did the following have any influence on the Governor?

WATER BOARD NOTICE.

PERMANENT BOARD OF WATER AND SEWERAGE COMMISSIONERS, CITY HALL BROOKLYN, Feb. 14, 1871.

The public are hereby notified that after the 15th inst. the gates of the main reservoirs at Ridgewood will be closed at 10 P. M. and opened at 6 A. M. every day until further notice. Inspectors in each district will examine all water fixtures in the houses of their districts, and report all waste of water from this or other causes, and the regulations of the Water Office, with the penalty attached, will be rigidly enforced in all cases.

By order of the Board, WM. J. SYKES, President.

(Signed,) D. L. NORDHEIMER, Secretary.

The fact that the water was not shut off from our houses is strong proof that the scheme was a "sham." Two days after this notice was published, (Feb. 16,) at 6½ o'clock A. M., the water was flowing from Pine's Pond, two feet two inches deep, over the sill of the gate into the culvert, and from Hempstead Pond, two feet six inches, and on the 19th of the same month, at 12 M. the flow from Pine's was four feet eight inches, and from Hempstead's about five feet. These figures are correct, and the Union must be in error in the figures as published on the 24th inst.

Let it be remembered that those affidavits, with the exception of Mr. KINGSLEY'S, in opposition to Mr. MCDONALD, are all made by employés of the Water Board, and as there is a vacancy to be filled in the Board, it is a protest against promotion where any of such employés may stand. But as regards Mr. KINGSLEY, particularly, we would add that Wm. G. KINGSLEY, in answer to a report of the Committee of Fifty on the New-York Bridge Company, stated that he had spent a large portion of time on the purchase of legislation; and within a few days thereafter contradicted said statements by a published affidavit denying that he had expended any money for such purpose. These facts were answered by an affidavit of HARRY G. BROWN, proving that KINGSLEY stated to him that he had spent large sums of money in the purchase of legislation, and that Mr. J. H. PRENTICE had also confirmed KINGSLEY'S statement of such expenditure.

We are content that the public shall decide on the question of veracity on affidavits between GEORGE W. MCDONALD on the one part, and Mr. KINGSLEY and the Water Board employes on the other, and shall next week continue our investigations of other matters connected with the Storage Reservoir.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed,) Julian Allen, Nathaniel Conrad, Jean E. Cauvidjeau, J. G. L. Bostelmann, J. Jesse C. Smith, R. H. Chittenden, Sub-Committee.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Meeting of the Alumni—Addresses by Members of the Graduating Class—Conferring of Degrees.

From Our Own Correspondent.

HANOVER, N. H., June 21, 1871.—Commencement Day, and with it Commencement Week, is over. At 4 o'clock this morning the Alumni, to the number of seventy-five, which, however, during the day, has increased to one hundred and fifty and more, met in the chapel, with Judge BARRET, of Vermont, the President, in the chair. The same board of officers of the Society of the Alumni was re-elected. The necrology of the Alumni for the past year was then read by the Secretary, Prof. PARKER, and numbered more than twenty-five. Remarks eulogistic of Prof. T. C. Upham, Class of 1818, were made by Dr. Converse and Dr. Wm. Clark; of Hon. Erastus Hopkins by W. H. Duncan, Esq.; of Hon. Wm. C. Clarke by Judge IRA Perley; of the late Senator J. W. Grimes by Hon. E. W. Evans and Prof. C. A. Young.

The great procession was then formed and marched around the common, the President in full academicals, and went into the church. The speakers of the Graduating Class, to the number of nineteen, then held the audience for four hours.

Salutatory Oration, in Latin, William A. Holman, Deering.

English Oration—Historical Induction, James F. Colby, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Ethical Disputation—Is the Rapid Settlement of all our Territories Desirable? George H. French, Moultonboro; Henry E. Lewis, West Claremont.

Discussion—The Influence of Forms of Europe, Henry D. Pierce, Cavendish, Vt.

English Oration—Professional Wits, Edwin J. Bartlett, Chicago, Ill.

Political Discussion—Private Virtue and Official Integrity, Geo. C. Coffin, Glenn's Falls, N. Y.

MUSIC.

English Oration—Alone, or with the Majority? Albert L. Bartlett, Haverhill, Mass.

English Oration—Atheism of Modern Politics, Charles H. Sage, Cedar City, Missouri.

Political Disputation—Is Liberty Advancing in Europe? William H. Galbraith, Passumpsic, Vt.; William P. Fowler, Concord.

Valedictory Oration—Literary Legislators, Charles L. Dana, Woodstock, Vt.

MUSIC.

English Oration—Our Account with Posterity, Albert E. Frost, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Forensic Disputation—Can Banking be Safely Managed without the Use of the Precious Metals? Thos. Hall Stockton, Portland, Me.; Justin G. Farmer, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MUSIC.

English Oration—Civilization of the Optimist School of the Pacific, Wm. W. Evans, Chicago, Ill.

Dissertation—Industrial Monopolies, Charles W. Stewart, Salisbury, Vt.

Philosophical Oration—Vital and Mechanical Forces, George T. Tuttle, Northwood.

Valedictory Address—Edwin D. Mason, Passumpsic, Vt.

The orations of E. J. BARTLETT, of A. L. BARTLETT and C. L. DANA were of uncommon merit. The degrees of Bachelors of Arts were then conferred upon the Graduating Class, numbering sixty-nine; of Masters of Arts upon a number of graduates of three years' standing.

Among the honorary degrees we will mention only the three higher. Rev. PETER M. BARTLETT, President of Maryville College, Tennessee; Rev. THOMAS ADAMS, of Winslow, Me., and Rev. SAMUEL J. SPAULDING, of Newburyport, Mass., were made Doctors in Divinity. CHARLES B. GOODRICH, Esq., of Boston, Mass., and WILLIAM P. WHEELER, Esq., of Keene, N. H., were made Doctors of Law; while the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, a new one for Dartmouth to confer, was bestowed upon ABNER J. PHIPPS, Esq., of Boston. The various awards of prizes were then read, and, after prayer and benediction by the President, the audience dispersed.

The Alumni and invited guests afterward went over to the Dartmouth Hotel, where the Alumni dinner was served. At the close of the repast, to which more than two hundred were seated, speeches were made by President SMITH, Prof. AIKEN, of Princeton, Dr. S. H. COX, Rev. E. E. HALE, who made the best speech of the occasion, and others.

With a levee in Culver Hall, this evening, the festivities of the week end. During the week I welcome the warm-hearted attentions of the class of 1823 have had several meetings. Many of them, for the first time since graduation, met yesterday. May as goodly a number of the class of 1872 hold their semi-centennial reunion in 1922.

FABER.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Class Day and its Exercises—The Programme of the Evening.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Friday, June 23, 1872.

The Class-day exercises of the Class of 1872 were held on Thursday afternoon and evening, June 22. The heavy clouds of two days' accumulation were lifted at noon. A golden afternoon marked the festivities upon the College campus. These consisted of a salutatory by J. G. CURRIER; immortelle ceremony, A. B. SANFORD and C. W. YOUNG; class Arab, W. L. PHILLIPS and J. W. PAIGE; pipe ceremony, B. L. CLARK and D. C. PORTER; campus address, F. M. NORTH; flag ceremony, A. E. HALL.

The evening exercises were held in McDonough Hall, and consisted of an oration by C. F. PRICE; poem, J. A. CASS; class history, E. M. MCDOWELL; prophecy, D. K. SIMMONS. The class supper followed at 11 P. M., and then a farewell serenade to the College.

Meeting of the Alumnæ of the Normal College.

The Alumnæ of the Normal College held their first annual meeting yesterday in the hall of the College. Miss ELLA C. DEY presided. Several business meetings having been previously held, the members endeavored to make the gathering yesterday one of social enjoyment, and for that purpose presented the following programme:

Address, Ella C. Dey; Solo, Anna R. Bulkley; Essay, Eliza P. Freeman; Duett, ("Les Dames de Seville,") Hattie A. Patterson and Frances O. Edge; Recitation, (selection from "Ivanhoe,") Jennie B. Merrill; Solo, (Pearsalls,) Annie S. ——; Essay, (Lampe vs. Gas,) Eleanor W. Davis; Recitation, ("Wreck of Rivermouth,") Gussie E. Schoonmaker; Solo, ("Imperial Winds,") Alice M. Bryan; Duett, ("Some of the Effects of Civilization,") Fannie W. Vidal; Solo, Anna R. Bulkley.

President HUNTER, of the Normal College, addressed the Alumnæ, saying he hoped to see the day when the diplomas presented to graduates of the College should have the same weight as the diplomas of the medical and other colleges for men, and that no other examinations should be required of the Normal College graduates than that passed by them when competing for the diplomas now given. Hon. WM. WOOD also addressed the young ladies, and congratulated them upon their past successes. The exercises were concluded by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

St. Francis' College.

The thirteenth annual Commencement of St. Francis' College took place Friday evening, at Brooklyn, Bishop LOUGHLIN presiding.

The Republican Candidate for Governor of Louisiana.

The nomination of Senator KELLOGG by the Republicans for Governor of Louisiana, is well received by honest men of all parties in the State. The New-Orleans *Picayune* thus alludes to it:

"In North Louisiana he will receive a considerable support outside of the regular Republican ranks, enough, doubtless, to more than counterbalance Republican votes that any ticket formed under Warmoth and Pinchback auspices may be able to draw off. It is understood, and indeed it may be asserted with authority, that Col. GEORGE WILLIAMSON, of Shreveport, the able, eloquent and popular gentleman who was recently agreed upon by the Democratic and Reform Conference for Governor, will cordially accept Mr. KELLOGG'S nomination, and stump the State in advocacy of his election. Thus in this course Col. WILLIAMSON will have the concurrence of most of the Reformed element, a respectable number of the Democratic men of substance and of conservative tendencies, can scarcely be doubted."

MILITARY GOSSIP.

The intense heat of the weather, and the approach of the season when citizen-soldiers (forgetful of their duties to the State, and desirous of seeking more comfort in shady groves and cool retreats than in heated drill-rooms) throw off cartouche-boxes and closely-buttoned uniforms, create a dearth of military news, which will naturally become duller after the excitement of the Fourth is over. The Times will, however, keep track of all the movements of New-York troops, either in or out of the City, and this department will be found the best medium through which the military reader can obtain reliable information of what is passing.

The celebration of the Fourth of July will be observed with military strictness by the National Guard in this and other cities of the State. The "Ninth" will parade in full-dress uniform, with white trousers and gloves, and the "Eighth," or Washington Greys, in full dress, white gloves. The roll-call of the former will be at 6½ A. M., and the latter at 8½ A. M. The Veterans of the War of 1812-14 will dine at the armory of the Sixth Regiment, Fourteenth-street, near Third-avenue, and Gen. H. Raymond has issued orders to the Army officers of his command to assemble at 10 A. M., in full form, at that place.

The *Times* says in their invitation to the Veterans: "We will do our best to assist you in celebrating one of the days you honor by meeting together," and Col. Steers intends to keep his word.

The First and Second Divisions will have their usual parade, and sunrise of Independence Day will be greeted with a resounding salute from the Battery. The old Nineteenth New-York Volunteers and the Third New-York Volunteer Artillery will have a reunion in the Court-house at Auburn, and take action to form a permanent fraternal organization. The news from all parts of the United States shows the same patriotic feeling on the part of those who have served either in the land or naval forces with our armies or fleets.

The following general order has been issued from the head-quarters Seventh Regiment National Guard, relative to the trip and encampment which is to take place during the present week but one:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 7.—This regiment will parade in full uniform, (gray trousers,) with knapsacks and overcoats rolled insecon, and with one day's rations, on Wednesday, July 5, at 9 A. M., when it will proceed by New-York Central and Hudson River railroad to Saratoga Springs for encampment. Assembly at 7½ A. M.

2. None but members of this Regiment, in uniform, will be allowed upon the special train chartered by this regiment, except with passes signed by the Quartermaster. Servants must apply to the Quartermaster for their passes as to members, on or before July 3, at 4 P. M., and present written evidence of their employment.

3. The Howitzer Section, Lieut. Houghton commanding, is hereby detailed as a Camping Party, and will leave the City on Monday, July 3, at 11 A. M. P. M. train for Saratoga Springs. Quarter-master-Sergt. Wheelwright will accompany the Camping Party, and will take charge of all property of the regiment, and encamp and pitch the tents in the same upon the requisition of the officer commanding the detachment. Lieut. Houghton and Quartermaster-Sergt. Wheelwright will report to these Headquarters in Uniform.

4. Quartermaster Weed will ship to Saratoga, on Thursday, June 29, the camp equipage and other property of the regiment, and will make all necessary arrangements for the reception of the baggage of the regiment. Commissary-Sergt. Bader will report in the Quartermaster for orders.

4. The resignations of Assistant Surgeon Willard Parker, Jr., and Second Lieutenant George O. Moseley have been accepted and they have been honorably discharged.

By Dr. Samuel R. Ward having been appointed Assistant Surgeon of the Seventh Regiment, Sergt. D. S. Steele having been elected Second Lieutenant Company G, vice Hamham, resigned, they will be respected and obeyed accordingly.

By order of COMMODORE CLARK.

LOUIS FITZGERALD, Brevet Lt.-Col. and Adj't. Official: LOUIS H. RADER, Sergeant.

The following from the *Saratogian* will be found of interest, in connection with the above:

All Camp Sherman, on the Sloughs, a national salute will be fired at meridian.

Next Monday the Howitzer Section will lay out the camp, a plan of which has already been prepared.

On Sunday, July 9, there will be divine service in camp at 10½ o'clock in the morning.

The Howitzer Section, Lieut. Houghton commanding, will fire the morning and evening guns and the salutes.

In addition to the Howitzer Section, a couple of pieces of artillery of heavier calibre will be brought up from New-York.

On Saturday, L. B. Clark, Village Surveyor, will meet Quartermaster Clarke Gibbs Mitchell and lay out the camp grounds.

Col. Emmons Clark and Quartermaster Weed will arrive in Saratoga Friday evening, to make arrangements for marching the regiment to camp.

On Wednesday, July 5, the regiment will leave New-York City by a special train, and arrive in time to have everything comfortably arranged in the camp by sun-down.

The following is the result of the target practice on Monday last of Company G of the Twenty-second Regiment, National Guard, five shots each at fifty yards, distance, and from the score it will be seen that the members have greatly improved in marksmanship:

Name.	Rank.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Total.
John Briggs	Captain	3	3	4	3	4	17
H. O. R. Kibby	Sergeant	3	2	4	3	4	15
W. G. F. Bisbee	Sergeant	3	4	3	3	4	17
P. J. Jerome	Corporal	3	4	3	3	4	17
T. F. Owens	Corporal	3	3	3	3	4	16
R. Sidenberg	Corporal	2	3	4	3	4	16
C. H. Brack	Private	0	3	3	3	3	12
C. G. Comell	Private	3	2	3	3	4	15
E. J. Comell	Private	0	2	3	3	4	12
F. C. Callisen	Private	3	4	3	3	4	17
Thos Downey	Private	3	3	3	3	4	16
H. Ewen	Private	3	3	3	3	4	16
C. Ewen	Private	3	3	3	3	4	16
V. Jarbol	Private	4	3	3	3	4	17
H. Rohweddor	Private	4	3	3	3	4	17
I. A. Valentine	Private	3	3	3	3	4	16
H. Werner	Private	3	3	3	3	4	16
Hardup	Adjutant	3	3	3	3	4	16
Lewis	2d Sergt	2	0	3	3	4	12
Rex	4th Sergt	3	3	3	3	4	16
Patterson	5th Sergt	3	3	3	3	4	16

From the above it will be perceived that the average of each shot is 2 53-95, and of each five shots of the members, 13 1-17. The last four names on the above list, it will be perceived, do not belong to members of the company.

A section of Battery G, First Division, N. G., having accepted an invitation from Company E, Young Regiment, Second Brigade, N. G., on Wednesday last proceeded by the narrow-gauge to Bridgeport, under the command of Lieutenants Cone and Schaeffer. The day was passed delightfully in a beautiful grove near the city, where the "Battery G boys" were entertained in the most hospitable manner. They returned to the city in the evening, highly delighted with their reception, and feeling that Connecticut may well be proud of her citizen soldiers, if Company E, Fourth Regiment, may be taken as a fair sample.

Prof. Mayer, the Band-master of the Thirty-second Regiment, National Guard, sailed for Europe on yesterday to participate in the grand Sebastian Fest at Hanover.

At a recent meeting of Company E, Thirty-second Regiment, National Guard, Major Karcher presiding, Abraham Plant and Theodore Martin were respectively elected First and Second Lieutenants.

Sergeant-Major James H. Renshaw, of the Forty-seventh Regiment, National Guard, sailed yesterday for England, where he intends to pass the hottest of the Summer weeks.

The following order has been issued from the General Head-quarters, State of New-York, through the Adjutant-General's Office at Albany:

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 12.—The Commander-in-Chief regrets to announce the death, on the 20th inst., of Brig.-Gen. John A. Green.

Gen. Green entered the service as Brigadier-General June 1, 1858, and continued in command of the Twenty-fourth Brigade until his death.

He was energetic and successful in promoting the discipline and efficiency of his command, and his loss will be felt among the officers of the National Guard with which he was immediately connected.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

J. B. STONEHOUSE, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official:

ALFRED H. TAYLOR, Major, &c.

The Syracuse *Journal* says: "By the death of Gen. Green the Brigadier-Generalship of the Twenty-fourth Brigade National Guard becomes vacant. Col. T. Sullivan, of Oswego, being the senior Colonel, will be in command of the brigade, with head-quarters in that city, till the election takes place. In the election the Forty-eighth Regiment will have three delegates and the Fifty-first Regiment will have three, these delegates comprising the Board of Election."

The reception of Company F, of the Second Regiment, Pennsylvania National Guard, by the United Train of Artillery, Col. ALLEN, at Providence, R. I., to-morrow will be a grand one. The Pennsylvanians will, on arrival, be received by Battery D, Second Regiment Artillery, and after a short parade, escorted to their quarters at the Aldrich House. In the evening a banquet will be given to them in Howard Hall. Tuesday they will visit Rocky Point and be present at the Opera-house in the evening on invitation. Wednesday, a sham fight, and a review on Dexter Training Ground by the Governor, with a collation at the United Train Artillery Armory at 11½ A. M., and the departure of the guests for New-York at 12½.

The First Brigade of New-Jersey National Guard, Brig.-Gen. Plume commanding, gave a grand review in Militia Park, Newark, on Thursday last, in honor of the establishment of the City Armory. The troops were reviewed by Major-Gen. Runyon and staff, Mayor Braced, &c., and the parade being an event in Newark, drew together a large crowd of sightseers, who applauded the evolutions of the troops.

Explosion of Gas at Police Head-Quarters—A Clerk Injured.

An explosion of gas occurred yesterday morning in one of the vaults in the office of the Secretary of the Health Department, at Police Head-quarters, by which FRANK P. DEMAREST, one of the clerks, was seriously injured. The vault is lighted by a single gas jet, and is used for keeping the books, documents, &c., of the Board of Health. Yesterday morning, Mr. DEMAREST entered the vault, and struck a match for the purpose of lighting the gas. Immediately a loud explosion occurred, and he was enveloped in flames. His colleagues sprang to his assistance and dragged him out, when he was found to be terribly burned about the head, face and neck. After receiving medical attention he was taken to his home. It is feared that the eyes have been seriously injured. The wooden shelves which lined the interior of the vault were considerably charred by the flames, and many of the documents were burned and blackened. The gas had doubtless been left turned on when the vault was closed for the night. The matter will be investigated by the Health Commissioners.

NEWPORT.

The Season Nearly Open—Prominent New-Yorkers Among the Visitors—Attractions of Newport as a Summer Resort.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEWPORT, R. I., Wednesday, June 26, 1872.

So much has been written and said about this fashionable watering resorts that seemingly nothing else can be said by those who strive through the columns of the Press to advocate its claims. Probably there is no place in the country where the gossip is read with so much interest as it is from Newport, and especially during the Summer season. All parts of the country are ever ready to hear from us, for, as a watering-place, we claim many natural advantages which other resorts are deprived of, and which fact the country at large is well aware. We claim among our annual visitors some of the well-known authors of the day, many of whose works, no doubt, are inspired by our delightful scenery, sequestered walks and drives. We have also the minister of the Gospel, who leaves the arduous duties of City life and come to our little city by the sea to spend a few weeks for rest and enjoyment.

The season may be considered as open, and the fashionable dissipation of watering-place seekers has begun in earnest. The Ocean House, which is the largest in the place, opened its doors to the public for the first time on Thursday of this week, and I learn that many of the rooms have been engaged for the entire season. An orchestra-band will be in attendance, as usual. The Atlantic and Aquidneck Houses are each doing a thriving business, and from present indications all our hotels and public and private boarding houses, will reap a rich and bountiful harvest—that is, if the landlords do not charge exorbitant prices, as I am sorry to say, is sometimes the case. It always is, more or less, at watering-places.

The bathing season at our magnificent beach has fairly commenced. A substantial sea-wall has been constructed along the western end of the beach, which will protect the drive along the shore from being washed, or gullied, as has been the case in years past. Surf bathing is one of the chief attractions, and one which is thoroughly enjoyed by the thousands who congregate daily at the beach, and which is considered the finest to be found anywhere, and is free, in a measure, from the treacherous undertows, so common and dangerous at many other places.

With a few exceptions the cottagers have all arrived and taken up their abode with us, and their familiar faces and gay equipages, with their handsomely caparisoned horses, may be daily seen on our streets and avenues. Among the prominent New-York families who have arrived I notice LOSING ANDREWS, Esq., who is domiciled in his new and elegant villa on Bellevue-avenue. I also notice Hon. E. D. MORGAN, whose cosy cottage and grounds are called "Fair Lawn." On the corner of Bellevue and Narragansett avenues CHARLES H. RUSSELL may be found within a broad inclosure, and his place, "Oak Lawn," as it is termed, is set down as one of the finest and best laid out at Newport. It must be seen to be appreciated. Further on may also be seen the elegant brick mansion of DANIEL PARISH, Esq., who arrived a few days ago. His broad and closely-shaven lawns, together with the green-houses and graperies attract a good deal of attention from passers-by. Near by is the residence of AUGUST BELMONT, who is expected the early part of next month. Henry S. Fearing, John Cary, Jr., Mahlon Sands, R. M. Hunt, Frederic, Kernochan, Pierre Lorillard, H. L. Livingston, M. Lazarus, L. P. Norton, Rev. Dr. Potter, T. W. Putney, Judge Sedgwick, W. R. Travers, Daniel Torrance, S. R. Van Duzer, George P. Wetmore, Augustus Whiting and many others, too numerous to mention, have arrived. Some of the new cottages, however, are not completed, but will be in a few weeks at least. The elegant house of Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is not completed, but it is expected to be the first of next week, at which time Miss CUSHMAN will put in her appearance, and become one of our annual Summer visitors. It has been rumored that she might be prevailed upon to appear before a Newport audience during the season, but it is hardly probable, and can be relied upon only as one of Mme. Rumor's whims. Count CORTI, the Italian Minister, has rented a commodious cottage in Mount Vernon Court, and Sir EDWARD THORNTON, the English Minister at Washington, has engaged rooms at the Atlantic House, and is expected in a few days. MAURICE DEJ. FOSSE, the Belgian Chargé d' Affaires, is registered at PERRIER'S French Hotel. Gov. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, as usual, has engaged an elegant suite of rooms at the Ocean House. His daughter, last season, was considered by those who pretend to know as one of the reigning belles at this place. Dr. S. G. HOWE, of San Domingo notoriety, is quartered at his cosy cottage in Lawton's Valley, which is the head-quarters of the "Radical Club." As a matter of course, JULIA WARD HOWE can be found at the same place. Fanny Fern has also arrived, and rented a cottage on Broad-street, a rather secluded spot from the fashionable portion of our community; and she may be daily seen, together with her husband, out for a drive in a jaunty little phaeton. I have already named sufficient, so that the thousands of the readers of the TIMES can see that we are specially favored with the refined and cultured of many cities, who yearly gather at our board and draw fresh inspiration from our invigorating and healthful sea-breezes. The beauty of our scenery and the healthfulness of our climate are undeniable facts, and the thousands who make their home with us will bear uniform testimony as to its beneficial results. True, we have no race-courses, nor gambling hells, and, in my mind, the good name which Newport bears today is owing to the fact that we are destitute of these things, which have been the ruin of many promising men—the sons of some of the first families of the country. The "fast" men do not admire us, neither do the "shoddy" classes find its society congenial, but the men who have established our reputation belong to neither of these classes, and have made Newport what is—*the* watering place of the country.

The month of June will be noted as one of the finest known for a number of years, and never before have so many families from abroad come among us, and quietly settled in their cottages at such an early date as there has been this month. Looking at matters in general, and conversing with real estate agents, hotel-keepers, &c., I do not hesitate to say, that the present season will be one of the most successful and prosperous to all concerned, ever known. Nearly all the cottages are taken, and many of them have been rented at fabulous prices. A few eligible houses have the words "to let, apply to ——," but the only reason they are not let, is because exorbitant rates are charged, and no one but a millionaire could afford to pay the price asked. Why, a prominent New York gentleman pays $6,000 for the use of a cottage—it should be a palace—for the season. Not many, however, love a "Newport cottage" so well as to pay such a price for the privilege of only occupying it during "the heated term."

More anon. AQUIDNECK.

Central Park Meteorological Department.

Abstract of report for the week ending at 2 P. M., June 23: Barometer—Mean, 30.018 inches; maximum at 2 P. M., June 21, 30.128 inches; minimum at 5 P. M., June 25, 29.900 inches; range, .228 inch. Thermometer—Mean, 72.8°; maximum at 2 P. M., June 26, 90.7°; minimum at 6 A. M., June 25, 61.7°; range, 29° Remarks—June 20, rain from 7½ A. M. to 12 P. M., amount of water, 1 inch; June 24, rain from 0h. A. M. to 6¼ A. M., amount of water, .02 inch; June 24, rain from 9½ P. M. to 11¼ P. M., amount of water, .01 inch; total amount of water for week, 1.03 inches. Distance traveled by the wind during the week, 845 miles.

ART IN PARIS.

The Salon of 1872—An Inferior Exhibition—The Loss of Meissonier—American Artists and their Contributions—A Withdrawn Picture.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, MONDAY, June 3, 1872.

The salon, the annual exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture, is at present open in the Palais de l'Industrie. There are not so many astonishing paintings as in former years; in fact there are none, if we exclude two life-size portraits of large-size women, by CAROLUS DURAND, and consequently in a hurried view, this exhibition may be declared inferior to those preceding, but there are many small and carefully-finished pictures which are worthy of examination. Many of the artists have not sent their pictures to the exhibition, as the rule has been changed which allowed a medaled artist to have his pictures pass the jury unexamined; now all must be submitted to that august body. But it is remarkable what travelers the French artists have been since the union of 1870. One who I think has never, during his forty years, been out of the department of Seine et Oise, exhibits a picture this year of Brittany, while others send pictures of Egypt, Spain or Belgium, where they have worked quietly out of sound or danger of war; they now return to receive the reward of industry, and file claims against the Government for damages to property during their enforced absence. Others remained and performed uselessly, but willingly their duty to their country, and strange to say of the many that spent that year in the camp and field, few exhibit pictures of the war as if they had a surfeit of the paraphernalia of battle, and wished to forget it. We did expect something of history from JACQUEMART, who during one of the battles before Paris, struggled to save his wounded friend LEMAROUX, but JACQUEMART shows us instead an extremely finished figure in the costume of the time of FRANCIS I., which he calls "Young Girl Holding a Sword."

A MISSING ARTIST.

Among the heroes, REGNAULT is missing. At the salon, his picture of "Salome" was the chief attraction. There was nothing he did not attempt—landscapes, animals and figures were alike to him; he shrank from nothing, and in the last sortie from Paris, when the order was given to fall back, it was this same undaunted spirit which caused him reluctantly to obey, and linger for "one shot more," which cost him his life, and us the young and talented artist. Some three thousand paintings were refused this year, as a part of the Palais is occupied by the Ministère des Finances—the former building having been burned—and not so much room could be given as formerly to the exhibition of pictures. Each artist is allowed to send two paintings, and often one of these is refused. A friend, who received a gold medal in 1870, had one of his pictures rejected, and, by some mistake, the name of the refused painting was inserted in the catalogue. A writer who had seen the paintings in the artist's studio, finding the name in the book, without visiting the salon, has written a splendid article on the wrong picture, much to the confusion of the artist's admirers, who, not knowing two were sent, do not know whether to consider the article a joke or a satire.

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

The American artists are well represented, a picture by ROBERT WYLIE, of Philadelphia, being the most important, "La Sorcière Bretonne." In 1869 Mr. WYLIE exhibited a painting which attracted considerable attention and gave great promise for the future; a postman in Brittany, brown and monotonous in color, but picturesque, and showing the lion's claw. In 1870 Mr. WYLIE'S friends were disappointed by a picture of a similar subject, in which he had made an attempt at color which was not successful. In the painting of this year he gives us harmony and color, combined with a strong effect. The subject is evidently founded on the superstition of the country, in which an old witch, somewhat after the manner of the "Medicine-man" of the Indians, casts a spell upon a sick child, which the mother hol

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1872.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

HENRY WILSON,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Gen. Grant never has been defeated, and he never will be."—HORACE GREELEY.

"While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1873 than he was in 1868."—HORACE GREELEY, *Speech on 5th January, 1871.*

The New-York Times.
DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

This journal is now thoroughly identified with the greatest political necessity of the hour—uncompromising warfare against all forms of corruption, whether in national or local government. For years past the TIMES has been exposing the demoralizing schemes of self-interested politicians, and its recent warfare upon the Tammany Democracy has been received with universal approval. It has adhered to the pledges given in its original prospectus, more than twenty years ago, that the public should be truly represented, and their interests faithfully guarded through its columns. Its record has been pure and honorable, and the highest aim of its proprietors is to render it more and more worthy of its past history, and of the confidence which the public repose in it. Two out of three of the original proprietors still direct its policy, and guide it on all public questions. They purpose that the TIMES shall continue to keep clear of all narrow and unworthy influences and cliques, and aim to represent the great body of the public, as distinguished from personal factions. It occupies a perfectly independent position, and is free to speak the truth on all subjects and about all men. Its greatly increased circulation throughout the country adds to its power and influence. It will continue to be a faithful exponent of Republican principles, recognizing the claims of American industry in adjusting the sources of revenue; and it will advocate with untiring energy every cause which tends to further the welfare of the people.

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During the ensuing Presidential Canvass, we shall publish a SPECIAL WEEKLY EDITION for the convenience of those who desire the latest and most trustworthy political intelligence.

The CAMPAIGN EDITION of the NEW-YORK TIMES will be furnished to mail subscribers, for six months, for the sum of FIFTY CENTS. All copies sent to the same Post-office to be mailed to one address.

A very full summary of news, and many general articles of great interest, are published in the Semi-weekly editions, and in the Weekly edition there is an unabridged report of the proceedings at the Farmers' Club, an excellent summary of political information, and a great variety of matter suitable for family reading.

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THE NEW-YORK TIMES,
New-York City.

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We cannot under any circumstances return rejected communications, nor can we undertake to preserve manuscripts.

To Advertisers.

☞ For the accommodation of up-town residents, advertisements for insertion in the TIMES will be received at No. 54 West 23d-st., junction of Broadway and 6th-av.; No. 308 West 23d-st., opposite Grand Opera-house, and No. 1,241 Broadway, between 30th and 31st sts., at same rates as are charged at office of publication.

☞ The NEW-YORK TIMES has opened a branch office in Brooklyn at No. 111 Fulton-st., junction of Fulton and Main, where advertisements will be received until 5 P. M.

☞ *Throughout the Presidential canvass, we shall publish fuller reports of meetings and conventions in each State than any other New-York journal. Very full dispatches will be forwarded by telegraph, supplemented by careful letters. Our desire is to place before the public the latest and most trustworthy information, and we have made ample arrangements for that purpose.*

The weekly number of deaths in New-York City continues to increase with alarming rapidity. Last week, we had 641 deaths—a mortality equal to 34.3 per 1,000 per annum; this week, we have 709, a mortality reaching the positively appalling ratio of 41.2 per 1,000 per annum. In making these calculations, we allow for the natural increase of City population since last census, and assume the present number of the inhabitants of New-York to be in the neighborhood of 970,000. We have only once, this year, touched a higher figure than the death rate reached last week, and that was for the week ending May 11, when the number of deaths was 770. The increased mortality of last week is set down to the diarrhœal diseases incident to the season, both among infants and adults.

The annual report of the Board of Police, of which a summary will be found in another column, shows that during the year 1871 there were SIXTY-THREE persons arrested for murder and manslaughter. The report fails to add the suggestive comment that nobody was hung during the year. For the crimes of blood committed in 1870, at least one person—poor JACK REYNOLDS—suffered the extreme penalty of the law. This may help to account for the fact that in 1870 there were only thirty-four arrests for murder and manslaughter. According to present appearances, the indulgence accorded to murderers last year will give us a record of capital crimes for 1872, beside which even that of 1871 will be meagre.

Is it not about time that there should be an end of this mangling and bruising of women for the amusement of those who have half a dollar and a whole hour to spend in the hope of seeing at least a narrow escape from a broken neck or thigh? Here we have on the same day, June 26, in two different quarters, Boston and New-Albany, two women nearly killed by falling from that flying abomination, the trapeze. One fell head-foremost, and striking flatlong upon the stage, received severe internal injuries, the cause of the fall being that the toe by which she hung herself head-downward in the air from a fellow-performer's toe, slipped. How strange that it should slip, and what a pretty and appropriate pastime for women and children, yes, or men—the excitement caused by the dread fact she should fall, or the shudder at her narrow escapes! The other woman had one thigh broken in three places, one of her arms and her jaw-bone broken, and most of her teeth knocked out. Beautiful sight! Touchstone was quite superfluous in saying "it is the first time I ever heard that breaking of bones was sport for ladies." The subject is one upon which legislation is required. Such exhibitions—unattended although they may be by disaster—are demoralizing, brutalizing; and the same spirit which prevents cruelty to animals, gambling, or indecent publications, should forbid this trapeze business and all kindred performances in which the danger of the performer is the chief attraction to the audience.

The *World*, in the course of a denunciation of nominating conventions, says that "It is admitted by all Democrats and charged by all Liberal Republicans that the Grant Convention at Philadelphia did not represent the masses of the Republican Party, but only a confederation of GRANT's office-holders." Far be it from us to laud the system of nominating conventions. A system by which a Free-trade Convention at Cincinnati was bedevilled into nominating the rabid Protectionist, HORACE GREELEY, and by which it would seem that a straight Democratic Convention at Baltimore will be bedevilled into nominating the life-long reviler and spitter upon everything Democratic—the same HORACE GREELEY, is certainly not so admirable or trustworthy an institution that we shall volunteer to be its champion. Only let us be careful not to change it for something worse. But as to the Philadelphia Convention, all the admissions on the part of Democrats, and all the charging on the part of so-called Liberal Republicans, cannot make it an office-holder's convention, any more than the same process could make the hair of its members white or black. The fact remains that in the whole Convention there were not half a dozen office-holders; nor was the Convention inspired or managed by office-holders. The people know this; they will not forget it; and in November the *World* and its fellows will find that it did just represent, not the fragments, but the masses, of the Republican Party.

The successful conclusion, announced by cable, of the negotiation regarding the evacuation of French territory by the German troops will bring an immense increase of popularity to M. THIERS. We assume that the terms agreed to are identical with those which were under discussion a fortnight ago. These were: The payment of two hundred millions of dollars in cash before Dec. 15, to be followed, a fortnight later, by the evacuation of four departments; then another four hundred millions of dollars to be paid in bankers' bills before Feb. 15, 1873, in return for which the two remaining departments were to be freed from German troops on March 1. Thus, the new treaty accomplishes the complete evacuation of French territory by the German troops one year sooner than was originally agreed to. The only exception to this is the town and fort of Belfort, which are to be occupied by German troops till September, 1873, when the last of the bills shall have matured and shall have been duly paid.

The Fruits of Greeleyism.

In many parts of the United States, and especially in the West and South, the Cincinnati candidate is known mainly as the editor of a violent partisan journal, and a public speaker on protection, agriculture and socialism. Even in these characters there is something very inconsistent with his present position as the candidate of the Democratic Party—a party he has always bitterly opposed—the party of anti-protection, and the party most dangerous to the true interests of the laboring classes. But those who see only his willingness to make terms with his life-long opponents for the sake of political advancement, do not know the worst of him, and cannot fully realize the folly of placing him in a position of power and influence. It is in this State only that we have learned to what lengths he is prepared to go, and the grave dangers which his election would entail upon the country, for it is in this State that he is known as the leader of the Tammany Republicans.

To illustrate what that faction is capable of doing, it is only necessary to recall one prominent feature of their operations in the New-York Legislature of last Winter. When that body assembled, a vigorous attempt was being made in the Courts of this State to bring the Tammany plunderers to justice. The fact of their guilt was perfectly established, and its enormity had been thoroughly exposed. There was not a jury-box full of intelligent men in the State who did not know that TWEED, SWEENY, CONNOLLY, HALL and their *confrères* had stolen, or caused to be stolen, millions of money from the public treasury. When the Legislature convened, the best lawyers of both parties in the Bar of New-York were employed in the effort to bring them to account for the crimes. It was found that this was impossible, partially because of certain defects in the law, but chiefly because of the power of the Ring over the Courts of the City. To remove these obsticles Mr. TILDEN introduced into the Assembly a carefully drawn act, which had the approval of several of the best constitutional lawyers in the State. It provided, among other things, for the selection by the Court of Appeals, or its chief Judge, of an impartial Judge from outside the City, before whom trials for betrayal of trust by officials should be conducted. Every precaution was taken to guard against abuse of this power, and to keep its exercise strictly within the spirit and letter of the Constitution. There is no room for doubt that the act was a perfectly proper means of accomplishing an imperatively necessary public purpose. It could not wrong any one, and it could injure only the guilty. What do Mr. GREELEY's friends in other States suppose that his supporters in this State did with this act? Mr. GREELEY is represented as the leader of Reform. Here was a Reform measure if ever there was one. Did his followers support and forward it? By no means. They defeated it.

The way in which they defeated it is peculiarly significant. They could not prevent its passage, for a majority of Republicans in the Legislature were heartily in favor of it. But Gov. HOFFMAN vetoed it. He was compelled to do so, first, because he could not afford to have the criminals of Tammany brought to trial, and second, because he had formed a coalition on which his future depends, with the Tammany Republicans, who demanded the veto. Once vetoed, the Tammany men were strong enough in the Legislature to prevent the veto from being over-ridden. Each party to the coalition had its share in this infamous business, and both performed it according to agreement. Neither could have accomplished the ends of Tammany alone. TWEED & Co. could not have been saved by HOFFMAN, had not HOFFMAN been backed by the GREELEY faction, and the GREELEY faction would have been powerless had they not combined with the Tammany Members of the Legislature and with HOFFMAN. How do honest Republicans, who are daily invoked to take part in the "Reform Campaign" by Mr. GREELEY's organ, like this association? They know now the character of our Governor. We have repeatedly exposed his complicity with the Tammany leaders, so that no one can be ignorant of it. We have shown him sanctioning their plunder while he was Mayor, and allowing it to be sanctioned by his official substitute, when it was not convenient for him to do his part in the shameful work. We have shown him aiding in the outrageous legislation of 1870 and 1871, which opened to the Ring all the avenues to the public treasure and cloaked with legal forms their perfectly well-known schemes of robbery and corruption. And we have exposed him as the associate of the Greeley Republicans in shielding the Ring thieves from the punishment which their crimes demanded. Can any honest man assist in carrying out the plans of this precious league? The parties to it are scheming for the future. They propose to elect Mr. HOFFMAN Governor again, to give the State Legislature to the Tammany Democracy, to reinstate the Ring in this City and State, and, by placing Mr. GREELEY in the White House, to fasten the same gang upon the nations! Government. Is it possible that any sane citizen, Democrat or Republican, can be persuaded or driven to aid them?

The Education of Girls.

Attention continues to be paid in England to the improvement of facilities for female education. A fresh movement has now been made under the auspices of the Princess LOUISE. This consists in the establishment of a limited liability company, under the title of the "Girls' Public Day School, (Limited.)" A large school is to be established, to begin with, in a central position near Brompton and South Kensington, with very low prices for tuition. There are to be three departments—preparatory, junior, and senior. The curriculum is to be very comprehensive, and will include, besides the usual branches, "social and domestic economy," logic, class-singing and harmony, "physiology as applied to health," book-keeping, and calisthenic exercises. The training of teachers is to be made a special feature of the school, and this first institution is intended to be the parent and exemplar of others, to be established at suitable points all over the country.

Recent reports of the Schools Inquiry Commission have shown the want that exists in England of really good schools that can be attended by girls for a moderate cost, and the new movement has been undertaken in consequence. The Princess LOUISE is President of the society called the "National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes," and this body, many members of which are among the most learned and philanthropic persons of the day, proposes to work actively in founding the proposed schools. Pursuant to this end a meeting was held in the Albert Hall, on June 7, when the subject was largely discussed. Lord LYTTLETON, who presided on the occasion, made some remarks significant of the change that is taking place in England as regards the proper scope of female education and pursuits. He said he saw no reason why women should not be instructed in a knowledge of law, especially that which affected domestic affairs, and said other things that would have gladdened the souls of the most "progressive" thinkers in our own community. A suggestion, subsequently made by the Bishop of Manchester, is calculated to be more widely acceptable, and the great practical moment of the point it touches, perhaps more especially in England than in the United States at this time, should attract to it serious consideration.

This suggestion relates to the bearing of female education on the cause of temperance. "A better education of wives and daughters," observed the Bishop, "would keep the men from the public houses." There is no doubt whatever of the truth of this, or of its applicability to the upper as well as the middle and lower classes of society. The fact that women are so often not the intellectual equals, or at all events not the equals in acquired knowledge of their husbands and brothers, unquestionably has its share in sending those husbands or brothers to their clubs, or saloons, or public houses, according to their taste or degree. If women were more generally prepared than they are to discuss, with knowledge and logical ability, topics of current interest, their society would certainly be more in request by their male relatives. But, apart from the one theme that brings men and women together anyhow, we all know how comparatively rare such preparation and such consequent attraction are. A good deal of the latent discontent which is felt, and of the open discontent which is expressed, among women regarding their condition, arises, unsuspected by themselves, from causes which they alone are responsible for.

Whether female suffrage is to come or not, all intelligent people must rejoice in what tends to make the average female more fit for it. If women are to have the vote, it would be satisfactory to know that the aggregate standard of the franchise in point of culture, as well as in that of intelligence, was raised by it. If women are not to have the vote, it would be satisfactory to know that an increasing number among them would be capable of understanding and appreciating the reasons for their exclusion. But, waiving debate on the political aspects of the subject, the social facts warrant congratulation on a movement, the uses of which are by no means limited to a single country, but are tolerably certain to extend, by example and emulation, throughout the civilized world.

The Downfall of France.

A book has just been published in Paris which tells, in full, the Emperor's side of the story of the collapse of the military resources of France in the late war. This work, "*Les Forces Militaires de la France en 1870*," is announced as the production of the Count DE LA CHAPELLE. It has, however, manifestly been inspired by NAPOLEON III. himself, and may safely be taken to express his convictions, or, at least, to embody his defense. The matter is briefly stated in the preface to the book. The whole series of French calamities from Froeschwiller to Sedan is imputed to one fatal circumstance—the French Army was not ready. Neither its effectives nor its stores were complete. From that unlucky 6th of August, when the Germans attacked at Spicheren, clear through the whole desperate campaign, this irreparable misfortune of being behind-hand never ceased to attend the French arms. It was the case of the house of cards over again. The same evil influence that struck down one destroyed the whole fabric. Whose was the fault? "NAPOLEON'S," say THIERS and GAMBETTA; and "NAPOLEON'S" is echoed by nearly all European opinion that finds open expression. The book we treat of squarely challenges this statement, and marshals an extraordinary array of statistics and parliamentary records to sustain its position. It points out that the Emperor, taught by the experience of the Crimean and Italian wars, had been for years in a state of much solicitude about the army by reason of the vast disparity between its real and its apparent efficiency. Both those wars, we are given to understand, were brought to a premature conclusion simply because of want of means to continue the struggle. This has been hinted at and suggested before, but it appears to come now with the force of an explicit statement from the Emperor himself. Convinced of the weakness in question, he strove to remedy it, but was on all sides beset with difficulties. It is certainly a matter of history that he proposed at various times obligatory service, prolongation of the period of service, and the organization of the army into permanent divisions and *corps d'armée*, and that all these efforts were effectually resisted. The Legislative Body, and even the Ministers, were unwilling to assent to measures necessarily costly and unpopular, and thus the organization of the French Army continued to be radically defective. NAPOLEON thought the annual contingent should be raised to one hundred thousand men, and was most anxious to introduce a system of renewable furloughs whereby a reserve of matured and experienced soldiers might always be available on emergency. None of these things could be effected under the Empire, although bitter experience has forced their adoption under the Republic. NAPOLEON, his apologist asserts, did what he could with what was at his disposition; but, apart from corruption, misdirection of supplies, or false returns of men or material, the grand fault, we are assured, lay in the system, as the Rhine campaign was destined to show.

On the 6th of July, 1870, the Emperor received a statement by which the number of disposable men was set down at 588,000, "including 50,000 in Algeria and 6,500 at Civita Vecchia, but excluding 74,546 non-effectives." To these forces, Marshal LEBŒUF reported, there were to be added 100,000 men of the National Guard Mobile, "clothed, equipped, armed and organized." LEBŒUF assured the Emperor that from these resources two armies could be put in the field in fifteen days, numbering 350,000 men and 875 guns. The unfortunate fact, as it turned out, was, that at the end of three weeks the eight *corps d'armée* sent to the frontier had only 220,000 men in all. It was estimated that Prussia could muster no more than 385,000 for the opening struggle, but her numbers were greatly in excess of this, chiefly from the unexpected celerity of the adhesion of South Germany and the swiftness of concentration rendered possible by a superb military organization. But even this was not the limit of the French disadvantage. Their regiments had not the number of rifles corresponding to their increased strength nor had each man the regulation number of ninety cartridges; the men of the old reserve had only been exercised with the old musket and positively had to learn how to handle the chassepot on the very eve of battle: the Captains of artillery who had been specially trained to manage the mitrailleur batteries were actually removed before going into action and other officers totally unacquainted with that duty put in their place. This, says the Count DE LA CHAPELLE, which was done merely from a dislike to the mitrailleurs from which so much had been expected. If the figures and statements of the Count DE LA CHAPELLE cannot be refuted, it will be impossible to deny that they go very far toward relieving the Emperor from much odium; and the fact that the very precautions he so strenuously urged have been adopted by the Republic as a consequence of the calamities he meant them to forestall, must in reason and justice be remembered to his credit even by those who dislike his character, and who dread the restoration of his dynasty.

Excursionists.

Today the proprietors of excursion steamers will reap the largest harvest of the season. We have had a week of hot weather, the temperature steadily rising until on Saturday it reached what a truthful and plain-speaking thermometer would call the baking point. Should to-day prove to be as hot as the brazen sky of yesterday gave promise that it would be, there will be a general exodus of the children of toil from the burning streets and baking houses of the Metropolis.

It is a curious fact that the routes chosen by Sunday excursionists are singularly fruitless in shade and rest—the two objects for which the excursionist is presumed to be in search. The sail up the North River on board a crowded steam-boat, in company with ill-judging persons who fancy that whisky is a cooling beverage, is about as hot and unsatisfactory a trip as can be made. The same remark applies to the trip down the Bay or through the Staten Island Kills. As for the Fishing Banks, they are a delusion and a particularly sunny snare. The man who fishes from a crowded steamer may succeed in catching his neighbor's clothes or securing the undesirable insertion of vagrant hooks in tender portions of his person, but he catches no fish worth weighing or counting. He does succeed, however, in tanning his complexion, in reducing his weight by excessive perspiration, and, if he be unaccustomed to the swell of the Atlantic, in bringing himself to a helpless condition of hopeless seasickness. Those who go to Rockaway or Coney Island beach are at least sure of a refreshing dip in the cool, invigorating surf; but it is a question of the transitory relief thus obtained compensates for the prolonged discomfort of reaching or returning from the beach.

If the Sunday excursionist, who has at least the sight of presumably cold water during his steam-boat trip, engages in a vain pursuit of pleasure under difficulties, what should be said of the madness of the week-day free-excursionist, who travels by rail? It has become the practice of real estate speculators, who have land in suburban localities for sale, to offer free tickets and a free lunch to all who will attend the public auction by which the speculators rid themselves of their land. There are scores of persons to whom the offer of a free ticket to anything is a temptation not to be resisted. These persons, who have not the slightest intention of buying any possible lots, fill the excursion trains and fight over the free lunch tables, happy in the thought that their trip has cost them nothing. They suffer the combined discomforts of heat and dust in the railway train; they patiently wait in some shadeless meadow the conclusion of the sale and the beginning of the lunch riot. They achieve prodigies of valor in the effort to secure a single eleemosynary sandwich, and that boon once secured, take part in a grand pedestrian steeple-chase across the meadows for the train. The net results of an excursion of this sort to the average participant are one sandwich, incalculable dust, a serious loss of temper, and a violent headache in consequence of prolonged exposure to the sun.

The truth is, the coolest and pleasantest excursions are those which begin and end within the City limits. There is a good air, abundance of shade, and an absence of ruffianly roysterers, in the Central Park. There are the same attractions, occasionally shadowed by the casual rough, at High Bridge and elsewhere along the Hudson River. These can be reached without the preliminary peril of the excursion steamers or the misery of a dusty ride in the steam-cars. Both money and temper can be saved by choosing such resorts as these in preference to those so mendaciously praised by the managers of Sunday excursions. Since the Central Park was opened, the country has come to the City, and in its glory of green grass and shady trees beckons the weary worker, let us hope not entirely in vain.

Gas-Lights in the Park.

The project of lighting the Central Park with gas, which has been broached in the Board of Aldermen, is one that should be checked at once, and frowned down on the score of good taste as well as of public decency and public safety. It has been understood from the beginning that the Park would be open only during the day; and the reasons for this rule are obvious. So large a tract of open land, on which are clumps of trees, groves of shrubbery, and in the upper part stretches of wood covering several acres, would, if open at night, be made the rendezvous and hiding-place of all sorts of sin and iniquity, of offensive deeds and acts without a name; and not only so, but it would become the haunt of thieves, burglars and footpads, who here might plot, and perhaps, some of them, execute their villainies. It is found to be no easy task to keep the squares down-town free from the violators of public peace and decency; to keep up a tolerable police over the great expanse of Central Park at night would be impossible.

But there is yet another and an all-sufficient reason for the continued exclusion of gas-lamps from the Park, which is, that there they would be an offense, at war with the very purpose of the place, which is, landscape beauty to the exclusion of all the unsightly appliances of City civilization. Hardly any objects could be more at variance with the plan of the architects of this beautiful place of public recreation than rows of gas-lamps, except, perhaps, telegraph poles. But both these necessary blemishes of our paved and house-bordered City thoroughfares ought to be left behind when we pass the Park entrance. This we are sure is the general public feeling on this matter, and the Commissioners of the Park may be sure that they will be sustained in resisting the proposed innovation.

Charitable Frauds.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, it is said, and it is certainly made the cloak of a vast deal of specious roguery. So countless, indeed, are the devices of rascality for tricking the benevolent in this sacred name, that it would be little wonder if every charitable appeal came to be regarded with suspicion. The prevalence of this sort of fraud has led, in London, to the formation of a Charitable Organization Society, whose object is twofold—to detect and expose this assumed philanthropy, and to direct and utilize the true. Established four years ago, it has already done much good in both directions. One of its latest achievements consisted in bringing to sudden collapse the enterprise of a gentleman who had been living since 1868 on the benevolence of the community.

In the year mentioned, this ingenious person succeeded in attracting the attention of the charitably disposed to the sufferings of the homeless poor. To relieve these, he devised a system of free dormitories, to be supported partly by subscription and partly by a nominal fee from each lodger. Strange as it may seem, this man, without credit or guarantee of any sort, succeeded in collecting during four years over £3,000, a large if not the larger portion of which he is supposed to have converted to his own use. To avoid trouble, and to anticipate awkward questions, he had constituted himself Secretary, Committee, Treasurer and Superintendent of his dormitory society; and though from time to time he put forth reports of his operations, no effort seems to have been made by his dupes to ascertain their correctness, or to trace the disposition made of their money. The excellent manager even went so far, it is said, as to let out two free dormitories as common lodging-houses, besides invariably falsifying the returns from lodging fees; yet until the investigation and exposure of the Charity Organization Society, no one dreamt of there being anything wrong.

Human nature is pretty much the same the world over, and the charitable are quite as apt to be the victims of misdirected generosity here as in London. As a rule, it is safe to trust no appeal for a charity which does not bring chapter and verse to prove its authenticity. In frauds of this sort there is a double wrong, since it not only diverts the benevolent impulse to an unworthy object, but is apt to cool it by a natural reaction toward subsequent deserving petitions. Prodigality is not generosity, and thoughtless giving to every comer is very far from being true charity.

SUMMARY OF AMUSEMENTS.

City Notes.

The unchanged condition of the programmes during the week just ended, makes a review of theatrical affairs superfluous. The announcements for this week promise, happily, greater activity in the world of amusements. To-morrow, at Wallack's, a new drama, called "The Last Trump Card," is to be brought out. To-morrow, at Wood's Museum, a new piece entitled "Worn Out," will also be presented. Wednesday, the first performances of "The Grand Duchesse," by Miss HOWSON, Mr. DRAYTON and an English troupe, may be looked for at the Union-square Theatre. Booth's Theatre is closed for the present, and at the Olympic, "Schneider" continues to attract sufficiently numerous audiences to render a fresher entertainment unnecessary.

Home Gossip.

On July 1, Mrs. MACREADY and a strong dramatic troupe will depart on an extended tour, the lady intending to represent the leading male parts in "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richelieu."....Mr. FOX is delighting the frequenters of the Boston Globe....Miss CARY sang on Tuesday in Lewiston, Me....SIMMONS & SLOCUM's Opera-house, in Philadelphia, recently destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt and was opened for a Summer season on Monday last.....WALL's Opera-house, in Washington, is to be rebuilt on the old site....The New-Orleans Opera-house has been leased to M. L. PLACIDE CANONGE, a well known local journalist, who intends supplying French operatic representations next season, if encouraged by liberal subscriptions to do so, and who will in an event, engage a French dramatic company for the Fall and Winter.....The Holliday-street Theatre in Baltimore occupies the site upon which it was erected sixty-one years ago. Strange to say, the location is now, as then, the best in the city. The stock of scenes includes several—preserved, however, merely as curiosities—painted sixty years ago. Mr. JOHN T. FORD, the owner of the house and its director, is the wealthiest manager in America....Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU has been compelled by home engagements, to decline a managerial invitation to England....The McKee Rankin Company was last week in St. Paul.

Foreign Notes.

Mme. PARepa-ROSA sang at the Royal Italian Opera, in London, on June 14, and her performance elicited the critique appended, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on the following day: "The fidelity of the English public to whomsoever they have once taken into favor was pleasantly illustrated last night, when Mme. PARepa-ROSA made her *rentrée* after an absence of six years. True it is that during all that time, though out of sight, she was scarcely out of mind; her American career being such as to excite attention even on this side the Atlantic. A better character could not have been chosen for Mme. PARepa's *rentrée* than *Donna Anna*. ("Don Giovanni.") Musically and dramatically, it is adapted to display the lady's highest powers, if it cannot be said to allow an effective entrance. Donna Anna must struggle with her assailant, however the house may applaud; and the house applauded so long and vigorously on this occasion that a good deal of the scene was lost. But it soon appeared that Mme. PARepa has come back to us a thoroughly ripe and experienced artist. As an actress there is simply no comparison between what she was six years ago and what she is now. Not only does she enter with intelligence and earnestness into the situations of the drama, and prove herself equal to them; but she pays that attention to details, even the most minute which is no mean element in the constitution of a great as well as of a conscientious artist. Briefly, a more satisfactory representative of the character could hardly be desired, and, for certain, could not easily be found. Mme. PARepa's voice—the bright and powerful organ everybody remembers well—shows less of wear and tear than might reasonably have been expected after so long an absence. It is so full and penetrating as ever in the higher register, while the organ has gained much in purity and sweetness; and the artist's training is marked by additional correctness and intelligence. These facts were exemplified throughout a performance which suffered only by a few slips, they shown now and then to mar the upper notes. In all other respects Mme. PARepa was wholly admirable, sustaining two notable airs—'Or sai che l'Indegno'—of which, with its recitative, she gave a most dramatic reading, and two more after an admirable delivery of the 'Letter Air.' The other characters in Mozart's opera were sustained in a manner more or less familiar, and call for no special remark." The London *Daily News* says: "Signor ITALO CAMPANINI has added a third character to his London répertoire by his eighth performance, when he appeared (for the first time here) as *Maurice* in 'Il Trovatore.' In this character there are larger demands on tragic passion, beyond bearing and sustained declamatory power, than in those (*Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia," and *Edgardo* in "Lucia di Lammermoor") in which Signor CAMPANINI had previously been heard; and the occasion, therefore, offered a still stronger test of the dramatic qualifications of the singer. The result proved that his former successes were based on real merit, and that the new character scarcely fail to maintain a high position on operatic stage in the more arduous, as well as in the lighter class of operas. In the duet, "Mal reggendo," *Maurice* shared with *Azucena* the applause which followed its execution; and in his aria, 'Ah! si ben mio,' the singer produced much an impression that a repetition was inevitable. In the demonstrative solo, 'Di quella pira,' the beautiful high-cut notes of Signor CAMPANINI told with so much effect that two recalls followed. The good constable of the singer was admirably displayed in the pathetic 'Ah! che la morte;' and in the 'Miserere' Signor CAMPANINI shared with Mlle. TITIENS (who was the *Leonora*) the great applause which ensued, and which involved another encore. Of the powerful performance of the lady just named it is unnecessary to speak at length, as the heroine of this tragic opera of VERDI is among her best-known representations....On June 10 M. FECHTER appeared at the Princess' Theatre in London. "The performance," says the *Daily News*, "was the first of a series of representations for which arrangements have been made preparatory to his return to the United States. The leading characteristics of this bold assumption of one of the most subtle and profound of all the creations of our great dramatist are still fresh in the memory of London play-goers. The stately hero of a young Prince of Denmark in a fair wig has probably not yet been quite forgiven by old sticklers for the traditions of the English stage; but none who have a taste for the higher qualities of acting can fail to appreciate the ideal grace with which this distinguished actor—in spite of a tendency to excess of gesture which is a fault of the suggestive of the higher French school of acting—invests the movements of his wavering hero. That facility of conveying to the minds of the spectators shades of thought and feeling by the mere play of the features which M. FECHTER possesses in so high a degree is in itself peculiarly suited to the performance of a character in which thought and passion predominate so much over action. For this reason in the great soliloquies of the play his power is conspicuous, but the bursts of passion and those transitions from storm to calm which mark the climax of the more stirring scenes, are not less fine in their way. There is, however, nothing more beautiful in the performance than the sorrowful and compassionate look which mocks his bitter words to *Ophelia*—a point which is in itself a fine commentary on this portion of the play. M. FECHTER has gained something in command over the difficulties of English accent since he last appeared in this character. To be sure that his accent is always equal to the task is certainly untrue; indeed, the difficulties of a cluster of consonants, and the tendency of the foreign actor to shorten a syllable unduly while giving to another an unusual length, frequently go far to spoil the beauty of the poet's lines in an English ear. After all deductions, however, the performance is well worthy of a careful study by aspirants to histrionic fame."....The plot of a new piece called "Bohemia and Belgravia," described as a work of much promise, and just now produced at the Royalty Theatre, in London, is appended. The author is Mr. ARTHUR O'KEAN. The story of "Bohemia and Belgravia" is said to be divided into three acts. The first of these passes in the lodging of *Arthur Brabazon*, a young gentleman of aristocratic connections, who has retired into that well-known though undefined region of artist life popularly designated Bohemia. In fact Mr. *Brabazon* is in a humble lodging painting a picture of Dolly Varden for the Academy, and he has contrived to fall in love with his land lady's daughter, *Amy Fenton*, who has been sitting to him as the model for his work. Amy has a vulgar, good-natured old mother and a cynical artist of the Bohemian class named *McGuilp*, who is a friend of her deceased father, has constituted himself a sort of guardian of the young person. This cynical gentleman rather unwarrantably assumes that the artist's attentions are not of an honorable character, and *Arthur's* insinuations are further obstructed by the solemn exhortations of his friend *Hon. Louis Singleton*. Meanwhile, a haughty sister of *Brabazon* arrives at the studio, accompanied by her husband, *Mr. Brassey Coyne*, a parvenu who patronizes art in a coarse way. *Coyne* makes an offer for the picture on the easel, when the secret of *Arthur's* passion is on the brink of being discovered by *Mr. Coyne*, who traces in *Amy* the resemblance to the face on the canvas. *Arthur*, however, is extricated from this difficulty by the friendly offices of *McGuilp*, who, at his request, declares himself the painter. Upon this *Coyne*, believing that he has found a new light in the world of art, invites *McGuilp*, in his mode, and *Arthur Brabazon* to his house in Eaton-square. The next scene introduces us to the soirée in Belgravia, where some rather conventional fun is extracted from the uncouth manners of *McGuilp*, and particularly of *Mr. Fenton*, who, though untutored, has mustered up courage for the party. The 3d act—a part of this not is furnished by the proud *Mrs. Coyne's* discovery of the love affair between *Arthur* and *Amy*, whom she denounces in unmeasured terms. The opening of the concluding act enables us to infer that *Arthur* has been attacked with brain fever in consequence of the excitement of the scene in Eaton-square; and that he has been conveyed to a villa on Richmond-hill, where the kindness of his friend *Louis Singleton*, and, above all, the watching care of *Amy*, have brought him to a state of convalescence. All parties are now reconciled to the engagement of the aristocratic artist with the humble *Amy*, except *Mrs. Coyne*, who arrives once more to disturb the peace of the circle with her rather officious interference. Finally, however, the naughty lady is soothed by the discovery that *Arthur's* picture at the Academy is greatly praised by the critics, and that her husband is the fortunate purchaser of a picture of considerable value, both as a work of art and as an evidence of his taste and judgment; and the piece concludes with the customary tokens of an approaching marriage.

Ex-Gov. Oglesby on Gen. Grant.

Speech at Decatur, Ill., June 13, 1872.

This man, who was a graduate of West Point, who had been ten years in the regular army, living in obscurity in the State of Illinois, at Galena, came out and grew and grew until he stood a giant above us all. You have many times seriously doubted whether he did gain the victories or not. You have said, he is not a genius; that he has no skill; that he is not an able man. Gentlemen, he was the man who did gain our victories, as sure as you now hear my unworthy voice. As simple as a child; as unostentatious as a boy; as pure and honest as heart as our own great LINCOLN; who never in his life took a farthing dishonestly from any man; who was commander in the army and could have sold cotton bales by the millions, and have surreptitiously amassed a fortune—never dishonestly took one cent. He came back with a little money saved from his salary, and as the pay was comparatively small for what he had done for our country, the people gave him out of abundant hearts, substantial tokens of their regard. When he took the command from me at Cairo in 1861, he was so poor that it was three months before he was able to buy a uniform suitable to his rank as Brigadier-General. Yes, the generous people gave him presents—from $100,000, I believe, who could have robbed the country of millions, had he been a corrupt man. Neither you nor I would possibly have been the wiser of it. They gave him presents of some horses and fine cattle; he accepted. He has at Galena, HAMLIN and SHERMAN did—but he most of them did. Did he do it blindly? Didn't he do it openly before the world? I made up my mind not to make any fuss about it as long as I was not giving a pica yune of the money. The truth about it is, you are not mad at him at all—you don't care one cent; you are silly enough to go around and make believe there is something the matter. Does anybody today regret that GEORGE WASHINGTON was elected twice? Does anybody regret that THOMAS JEFFERSON was elected twice? that JAMES MADISON was? that JAMES MONROE was? or that ANDREW JACKSON was elected twice? JACKSON was a great man, bold and defiant as a lion—who now regrets his re-election? The time came around when ABRAHAM LINCOLN was re-elected. Now, where is there a voice to call back that act? WASHINGTON was both General and President. Then came JACKSON, another military man, who had fought for his country. Then came ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in the midst of war, of whom the American people said, he is now the same as a warrior. Here is another man "who led our armies triumphantly on to victory." American citizens, I ask you everywhere if it is not entirely compatible with human justice, human charity, human decency, with the evidence of things, that that man should have his civil rights. He is the best man we have in the category. If the American people shall send Gen. GRANT into private life defeated and dishonored, American history will weep for a thousand years over the mistake. It will be a mistake. We must be careful about this great man; this true defender of our liberties. Take the verdict of LYMAN TRUMBULL, who was drawn to defend him last December; he pronounced him a man without guile; a man of masonry of heart, of incorruptible honesty,

MY CONTRIBUTOR.

In the pursuit of that peculiar employment which economics some of our day it ought to be endowed by this time with the fastness of the red man. I beg that it may be understood by this that I not only admit the singular intuition by which the Apache discovers in an instant the footprint of the spreader on his hunting ground, but that I assess reverences which inclines him to murder and scalp on the spot. I suppose I was naturally good-natured, may be, have been overflowing with the milk of human kindness; if so, so much the worse, then, for the calling which has emptied me.

Just as Rinaldi, the sailor, might have done when referring casually to that fearful nuisance of his, who insisted on posturing on his shoulders, calling him "his old man," (the possessive case being employed, not because he liked him,) so am I forced to brand that wretched person who assails me daily with a mass of prose and poetry as "My Contributor."

Sympathetic friends assure me I am mistaken in applying the singular number, and have requested me to write of "my contributors," but I insist on it that all the avalanche of matter I receive is the sole and single work of one hand, in fact of "my contributor." It may be a certain undefined lunacy on my part, an idiosyncrasy, if you please; but dissolve himself as he may, let him write on any topic, I feel the more certain that I have to do with one individual. He may be Proteus, if you desire it; may have as many heads as the hydra, but his individualism is ever in prominence.

He introduced himself to me years ago, I regret to say, in an exceedingly fraudulent manner. It came in the guise of a description of how he had scaled the Himalaya Mountains. Now, the reading public is that precise time were insane on the subject of mountains, and were hungry even to receive information about a moderately-sized hill. I think the public enjoyed the privilege of climbing up the entire range of mountains, in the three columns my contributor gave them. There was certainly some good writing in it, some of it even was melodramatic, especially where he described, when on the very peak, how frozen and benumbed with cold, a fire was a necessity. He pathetically narrated how he had but two matches in his pocket, and his terrible anxiety as to whether they would burn or not. "At last," so it was printed, "with hands as stiff as marble from the cold, I drew the last slender splinter across the sole of my boot. It was my only chance. It spluttered; it fizzed feebly. Would it light? My life depended on that tiny sliver of wood. At last the lambent flame crept along it. It burnt! It crackled! It was ablaze, and I was saved. Blessed be the inventor of the patent combustible, non-explosive, to keep in any climate, SMITH & BROWN Vesuvian Match, for to it I owed my life."

Imagine my disgust, when the *Chilingong Courier*, in a column of scathing criticism, asserted that this article had been taken, line for line, the match part excepted, from some unknown book, published ten years before; but what was worse, with great malignity declared the whole three columns was simply a puff of SMITH & BROWN'S matches, which I am rather inclined to think now it was, from the fact of my having been the recipient almost immediately afterward, of a box containing a gross of these detestable matches. The trouble that article brought on me was indescribable. Every other miserable vender and manufacturer of matches in the country was jealous, and up in arms about it, and I verily believe that, had they had their own way, they would have coated me with phosphorus, chlorate of potash, and sulphur, and, exerting friction on me, would have encompassed my end by a horrible burning death.

Here, then, I first became acquainted with my contributor. A portion of that hated manuscript of his, like the hide of a wild-cat or the skin of an owl, I had nailed up on a piece of wood as an example and a warning to me. But did he disappear from that time? No; with an obstinacy, I am forced to say, worthy of a better cause, he kept writing to me. This time he assumed a different guise, and like the devil tempting St. Anthony, put on a woman's lure. Original poetry in a paper has its charms. The village paper I conducted then thirsted for poetry. I think it was a spinster aunt of mine who suggested a poet's corner, and my wife used her influence in regard to it. There was a boarding-school for young ladies in the neighborhood and they kept it alive. My wife was the censor, and things went on in the corner quite satisfactorily, though I had more than once warned her of my contributor, begging her to exercise a thorough police system in regard to it. We commenced to be copied, and our gushes were cited as evidences of the high literary character of the sheet. I had the honor of managing.

It was about the time when Jean Ingelow was writing, and of course many reflections of her peculiar style were immediately visible. There came some verses in that corner signed Luis, or Zuleks. Was there anything which would have led any one to suspect the serpent which lurked under them? It is true that now that I look at them there is neither rhyme nor reason, much less measure in them. It was entitled "The Cloud," and painful as it may be I reproduce them:

"Most pleasantly the Summer sky,
In solemn majesty doth flow on high.
Gloesome flits the passing hour.
Gladsome let us seek the bower."
"Sail on sweet cloud."

"Perhaps with rain art heavy laden?"
"In truth, tell where is thy haven."
"Oane's angrily dash the stormy wave."
"Knell horrid death be never given."
"Let softer missions be thy bent."
"Else thou speedest not with my consent:"
"Sail on sweet cloud."

That night, on coming home, fatigued with an arduous day, congratulating myself that I had escaped the wiles of my contributor, I sought solace in the bosom of my family.

"Nice paper today, dear," said my wife. "Capital political leader, and so much excellent varied matter. I don't think you ever showed before so much crispness, sparkle and verve. How is the business?"

"Five more subscribers today; only the advertisements languish," I replied. "Plenty of trade offered. But one can't live on boxes of soap, or watches, or washing-machines. To think of a man who wants me to choker one whole column, to be taken out in Cologne-water or tooth-wash, at my option; and then some creature with a patent sauce or an edible extract of cayenne-pepper, who has been bothering my life out to take his wares in trade, as if I wanted additional appetites in the family, which is now hard enough to feed."

"Pretty verses," said my wife. "'To a Cloud.' Did you read them?"

"No—hadn't time. You don't expect me to read my own paper all through? Only, for goodness sake, take care. You know about my contributor; he haunts me, and is just likely as not to be about just this time."

Why should exactly then, my eldest daughter, just sixteen, have been imbued with an inquiring mind.

"What is that thing in poetry, papa, called where, you know, you take the first letter of the verse of each line and it makes a word or a sentence?"

"An acrostic, darling," said her mamma. In order to make it more impressive, I think I gave her the Greek definition. "But why?" I asked.

"Because I have been trying it on the poetry in today's paper," she innocently replied, "and it spels out something; at least the last verse is PICKLES, and the first is MIGGS. Yes, Miggs' Pickles; and now I remember, I saw a sign with that name at the grocers. What a nice acrostic!"

Horror! It was too true. My poor wife burst into tears. It was that wretch again, my contributor. The base hireling, to have thus imposed on the guileless innocence of my wife.

If, however, "my contributor" assumed the commercial guise, and has time and again succeeded in getting me to advertise his wares in a treacherous and covert manner, that is by no means the worst traits of his character.

Why did he write me but very lately a description of Mount Vesuvius, with those original remarks of his in regard to its glacial origin, and the necessity for the steam, as having supplied expressly for my journal, when I find in looking over my exchanges from Maine to Texas, and from Jersey to California, that precisely on the same day, each one of my *confrères* received and gave remuneration for exactly the same matter. There is a grim satisfaction, then, I suppose, in hoping, nay, believing, that they, too, have had dealings with "my contributor."

I have even discovered that "my contributor" has the power of migrating abroad, and has in this novel guise imposed on me to an unlimited amount. Of course all the world was agog some time ago in regard to the threatened rupture between the Prince of Monaco and the Ex-Duke of Lip-Lap Demold, who are closely related by marriage. As a piece of high scandal, worthy of our democratic republicans, it was to be regarded in the light of the very choicest and rarest of all bon-bouches. In an unfortunate moment a letter containing the full particulars, apparently from abroad, reached me, and I published it. It was exclusive.

What business, I should like to know, have people who read an American paper in English to know French? What was the matter? My correspondent had very deliberately collared and translated two chapters of George Sands' last French novel. How did I know it? Because some one, an isolated reader of such stuff, has just taken the severe pleasure of writing me a four letter about it, and has added the proof by cutting from the book three whole pages; and in a letter of four closely-written sheets he insists that it is even badly translated, and ends with asking me "if I call myself an original newspaper?"

It may seem hardly credible, but "my contributor" has occasionally assumed a dual character, and has written me at the same time for publication communications from Podunk and Damascus.

Sometimes, and here my better nature assumes the mastery, I have a feeling akin to pity for my poor old contributor, yet fully convinced that he is the very same person who has tortured me for most thirty years. I have to wonder at his marvelous youth, freshness and vigor. The words, the faces, the fancies, though they may be derived from his inner consciousness, flow from his pen as fluently, as glibly today as when he first crossed my path. I have a theory about him. He must be the Wandering Jew of literature, condemned for some heinous crime to wander about all over this world, heedless, regardless of the bitter revilings showered on his head by newspapers. I even am good Christian enough to pray that his time of rest may not be far distant, and sometimes, thinking how hungry, poorly clad and impecunious he may be, (providing any infliction of his has not been of very recent date,) have almost made up my mind to forgive My Contributor.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Preparations for Its Observance—Displays of Fireworks, Military Parades, &c.

The preparations for the observance of Independence Day appear to be unusually comprehensive and complete this year. As the Fourth falls on a Thursday, a movement has been started to have a general suspension of business from Wednesday evening till the following Monday morning; and the project has been met with approval by a large portion of the mercantile community. The stock, gold, cotton, and naval store exchanges will adjourn over for the time named. A large number of dry-goods firms, and commission merchants, firms in the hat trade, and others, will also suspend active operations. On the Fourth itself, the suspension will of course be general. All the Government offices in this City will be closed, and many of the various State departments. The Justices of the Court of Special Sessions will not sit on that day. The Police Justices at the Tombs, and Essex and Jefferson Markets, will hold a morning session of an hour's duration, in order to discharge the early watch returns, and will then adjourn their Courts. All the State Courts, not yet closed for the term, will also adjourn over.

The Municipal authorities will do their share towards the celebration of the anniversary of their country's independence. The Department of Public Parks will provide a grand display of fire-works in the evening at the Battery, City Hall Park, Tompkins-square, Madison-square, and Mount Morris, where, in addition to the exhibition of fire-works, there will be public concerts of instrumental music. At the Battery and Madison-square, if the wind is not too high, balloons will also be sent off conveying fire-works, which will be discharged at intervals in their flight. Rockets, bombs, parcolintes and colored illuminating fires will also be discharged from the following points: Fort Washington; Claremont Hill, on the Boulevard; the Circle, Eighth-avenue and Fifty-ninth-street; Grand-street Park, junction Grand and East Broadway; Jackson-square, Thirteenth-street and Eighth-avenue; Washington-square; park foot of Canal-street, North River; at the junction of Bowery, Third and Fourth-avenues; Fifth-avenue, at the junction of Park-avenue and Thirty-fourth-street. The concerts will begin at 7½ o'clock.

The military preparations for the celebration of the day appear to be very complete. The First and Second Divisions National Guard have recently had a parade, and each regiment will try to outvie the other in appearance. An artillery salute will be fired at sunrise from the Battery, as a welcome to the annual return of the country's natal day. The veterans of 1812-14 will, by invitation, dine with the Sixth Regiment at their Armory in Fourteenth-street, near Third-avenue, Col. FRANK W. STEBBINS. Rockets sends to give his aged comrades a glorious welcome. The military parade will take place early in the day, so as to avoid the intense heat of noon-tide, and it is expected that some of the Brooklyn Regiments will join those of New-York.

Outside the City there are several points at which attractions are offered for pleasure-seekers. The most important of these is Long Branch, where the managers of Monmouth Park have arranged for several important races to come off on the Fourth, among which is the July Stakes for two-year olds, and several "young sters" will make their debut on the turf on this occasion. In the evening there will, of course, be a fine pyrotechnic display at the Branch.

The celebration of the Fourth, however, brings with it some dangers, and those not few nor light in a large city like New-York. The police force, therefore, have to work while other people are playing, and the recently-issued circular of Superintendent KELSO warns the officers under his command that the national holiday brings, with its recurrence, peculiar usages, and much temptation among citizens to recklessness and often unintentional disorder. It is therefore necessary, says the Superintendent, for the force (while acting upon that day as firmly in discharge of duty as on any other day) to repress disorder and protect persons and property, with unusual discretion, coolness of demeanor, and forbearance. Each Captain of a precinct is ordered so keep on duty the whole of his command, and not to excuse any member, except for sickness. The number of accidents that usually occur on or about the Fourth of July, from the use of firearms, makes it necessary to vigorously enforce the ordinance prohibiting the discharge of firearms of any description in the City. The sale or use of dangerous fireworks, such as "snakes," "chasers," "double-headers," "Union or Young American Torpedoes," is also prohibited by ordinance, and must be prevented. Any person who maliciously throws torpedoes at passing vehicles or Chinese crackers at pedestrians or horses, or who in any wise uses torpedoes or fire-crackers against the immediate remonstrances of house-holders, or who injuriously uses fireworks in the evening will be subject to immediate arrest. It is to be hoped that while it is necessary to take these precautions, the celebration of the day may not be marred by any violations of law or order when may call for the interference of the guardians of the peace. Every citizen may enjoy himself to the top of his bent, without winding up the day by taking quarters in the cool seclusion of a station-house.

Dedication of the New Chapel of the Harlem Presbyterian Church.

The Harlem Presbyterian Church congregation have just completed their chapel in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth-street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, and the dedication will take place today. Services will be held morning, afternoon and evening, and among the clergy who are to take part may be mentioned Rev. Drs. BURCHARD and DURYEA. The chapel is two stories high with a cellar underground. The first story is designed for the lecture-room; in the rear is also a kitchen in which contains a pastor's study and committee-room. The second story is for the Sunday-school room, and has an infant class-room in the rear, and Bible class-rooms in front. The church edifice, which is to be built, will be completed in the Spring of next year. The Harlem Presbyterian Church was organized over a quarter of a century ago. The present site is ordered so keep on duty the whole of his command, and not to excuse any member, except for sickness. The number of accidents that usually occur on or about the Fourth of July, from the use of firearms, makes it necessary to vigorously enforce the ordinance prohibiting the discharge of firearms of any description in the City. The sale or use of dangerous fireworks, such as "snakes," "chasers," "double-headers," "Union or Young American Torpedoes," is also prohibited by ordinance, and must be prevented. Any person who maliciously throws torpedoes at passing vehicles or Chinese crackers at pedestrians or horses, or who in any wise uses torpedoes or fire-crackers against the immediate remonstrances of house-holders, or who injuriously uses fireworks in the evening will be subject to immediate arrest. It is to be hoped that while it is necessary to take these precautions, the celebration of the day may not be marred by any violations of law or order when may call for the interference of the guardians of the peace. Every citizen may enjoy himself to the top of his bent, without winding up the day by taking quarters in the cool seclusion of a station-house.

A NIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

Steam-boat landings are always noisy places. The confused shouts of draymen, deck-hands, fruit-venders, news-boys and boot-blacks, with steam-whistle accompaniment, are sufficiently familiar to the general public to pass without elaborate description. And this was at its height one pleasant evening a week or so ago at Pier No. 30 North River, when the shrill voice of Capt. BEACH put a sudden stop to it by shouting "Cast off yer bow line." The *Thomas Powell*, trembling from stem to stern under the great life within her, swung gracefully out into the stream, and was soon under full headway for Albany and Troy.

There's a something peculiarly fascinating about a night scene on the Hudson,—a feeling of inward debaht and comfort is engendered, but it varies materially from that emotion which many people experience on the Sound boats. Every one who embarks "up the Hudson" starts with a conviction that he is going to enjoy himself. The scenes on a Hudson steamer particularly at night are amusing to one who, knowing the ways of the world, can comprehend the full meaning of all the curious little episodes which occur between dusk and midnight.

The passenger list of the *Powell* that night is about the average owing, no doubt, to the competition which has been going on for some time. The fare being merely nominal a very large increase in travel on the Hudson is the result. The freight, too, is much in excess of the general order, and a spirit of weighty business pervades the entire steamer. She has recently undergone material repairs and improvement. Some forty feet have been added to her length, and a large number of well-furnished and commodious state rooms put in. The saloons are tasty and pleasant, the cabins comfortable and well ventilated, and the larder ample and judiciously selected. Capt. BEACH, an old and well-known sea-captain, has had command since the steamer was put on the line.

When fairly into the stream, and gliding up the river, the cabins and saloons become deserted, and the passengers are found enjoying, either on the forward or aft upper-deck, the cool breeze of the evening and the panoramic view of the city. Men and women are seated in little groups here and there, conversing upon topics the feature of which is the rapidly-changing landscape before them. Solitary passengers soon pick up acquaintance, and every one is soon engaged in more or less animated conversation. Here and there land-marks are pointed out as we move along, until the outskirts of the City are passed, and then comes the green fields, groves and towering rocks, and the balmy fresh air of the country, laden with the perfume of blooming orchards. By this time every one has settled down comfortably to an enjoyment of the beauties of the "American Rhine." Tempting little suburban cottages, half hidden in a wealth of green foliage, elicit audible comments of praise from all; and as some little village on the bank is passed a hearty return of salutes from villagers on shore is given to the voyagers. Anon the gong sounds the call to supper, and many hasten below to partake of the good things which may always be found on board. A few there are who remain on deck, too much wrapped up in the beauty of the surrounding scenery to care for anything else. The supper-seekers, however, do not remain long at the table, although the substantials and the luxuries are spread before them in tempting array.

Back to the deck again to consult the scenes. What a change. On one side towers the black heights of the Palisades, far up the river until the end is lost in the hazy distance; on the other side great stretches of soft green land, wooded here and there, and undulating in beautiful grassy waves as far as the eye can reach. Here and there little farms, over which the quiet shadows of night are beginning to fall. Then away to the right lies Peekskill—the home of BEECHER—nestling in a delightful cove. We turn gently to the left and give our attention to the dexterous management of the steamer, as it is guided carefully through the curves and bends in the river. And here the vast beauties of the river break upon the view, and exclamations of delight resound on all sides. Night has now fallen, and the lights are burning brightly in the saloons. The wind has freshened and the ladies have retired, either to their state-rooms or the cabin. Gentlemen remain on deck, with their coat-collars turned up, hats pulled firmly down upon the head, and wreath themselves in clouds of tobacco-smoke, while they commune with their own thoughts and give attention to the ever-growing pictures of still nature on each side of them.

Now is the hour when peculiar scenes occur—quiet little bits of comedy, of which the general traveler is unaware. Here is one; We are sitting tilted back in an arm-chair, our feet upon a stool, and enjoying the perfume of a Partaga, when a large well-dressed man approaches, and politely asks a light. Obtaining it, he takes the seat beside us, and volunteers comments on the night, the topics of the day, and even to the fine flavor of our cigar. Whether one wishes or not, he is drawn into conversation, which is kept up in the liveliest strain, until both cigars have been exhausted. Darkness has grown more dense, and the shores of the river are barely discernible. The strange gentleman talks glibly all the while of politics, war, Alabama claims, crop prospects, Cuban affairs, &c., &c., giving here a little touch of business affairs, which hold him up as a very successful merchant. He tries to draw you out, but finding residence the order proposes that you join him in a glass of ale. Consenting, he urges you not to disturb yourself, as he will bring it to you from the bar-room below. Oh, no, in the street vernacular of the day, "That's too thin," and so he is honored with your company to somewhere in the bowels of the steamer, near which the great life of it is pulsating with ponderous efforts. Into a dimly-lighted room we go, and the ale is duly consumed. Then a tour to the engine-room and the firemen's hole, for the purpose of seeing the great furnaces manipulated by knowing hands. The ale, the stranger has found, does not set well on his stomach, and must have something to settle it. "Would you join me in a little good whisky?" Mixed liquors are bad for one's presence of mind. We decline, and the stranger finds that he feels better. Down into the depths of the cabin we go. Here on both sides are rows of wide, ample berths in three tiers, and each section hidden from view with semi circular damask curtains. A colored employe sits at a table collecting the checks of those who have berths. Many are retiring for the night, others are lying about stretched on chairs or resting their heads upon the tables. Passing on to the forward end of the boat, piloted in a careless sort of a way by the stranger, who, in a half unconscious style, shows he knows what he is doing, we come upon a group of gamblers seated at a table. The space is small, and a dull, heavy light is shed dimly over the table by a small kerosene lamp. There are four or five players at the table—grim, ill-looking fellows in the main—one of these such a specimen of the genus homo as you would not care to meet on a dark night in the streets of New-York. One is well-dressed, the others fairly so. Moderate-sized piles of money lay on the table opposite each player, and a portion in the centre while the playing goes on. All look up hastily at us as we approach the table and eye us furtively, and then resume their play. The stranger, whom they all briefly recognized addresses one of the party as to how his luck was running, and receives answers which are blandly given. Presently it is proposed that he should take a hand in the game. Oh! he doesn't care about playing, but has no objections if his friend here would go in just for company. But his friend here doesn't want to go in just for company, and proposes returning to the deck "just for company." The dodge was threadbare, and as we saunter off a rough epithet or two came rolling after us. The stranger follows close upon us, even to the saloon, where he halts and wants to show us the stateroom he has engaged, insisting that as it was better to have company than be alone, we take advantage of his hospitality and consent to share his room for the night. "Let's go in now and have a quiet game of cards alone before bed-time." "Where are the cards to be obtained?" "Oh, I have them in my room." The suspicious look which he got full in the face told him plainer than language that his cue was out of the bag, and that he had picked upon the wrong victim to fleece. He does not insist, as we leave him, without vouchsafing a reply to his inexplicable offer, but soon after he comes out on deck and says, rather below his breath: "Look here, stranger, if you have dropped on this 'ere game, you just stand to your own business; if you go to blabbing to the Captain, you'll get in trouble." "My friend," is the reply, "you've mistaken your game, and that kind of threat is just what will get you in trouble. You had better pocket your disappointment and hold your tongue." He leaves, but does not lose sight of his proposed victim, following closely upon his heels to see if he "peaches" to the Captain. But finally he becomes tired and enters his room. Some time afterward a flash sort of a fellow enters the same room and locks the door behind him, which proved conclusively that the fellow who mixed his drinks to settle his stomach had his "pal" on board, and was ready for any game that might come up.

It is now getting late, and very few passengers are left in the saloons or on deck. A few are reading at the tables, and others are smoking outside. Everything is quiet save the engine, which creaks with regular motion and keeps time to the splashing of the waves on the boat's side. Presently a colored man makes his rounds, and orders all off the forward deck. Some retire to bed, others to lounge upon the easy ottomans and chairs in the saloons. But it is soon discovered that this ruthless disturber of passengers' peace of mind has more work to do, for he instructs those who had no state-rooms to go below, as lounging in the saloons is not allowed. The order is enforced, and as the moments aped on one and another of those left behind drop off to their state-rooms, until not one is left, save the writer. All is still, and the lights being turned down gave out a dull glimmer, which lends a sombre shade to the saloon. Down-stairs, however, a different scene is presented. Engineers and firemen are busy at work, and here and there straggling people who have no place to sleep are saunntering about listlessly, more asleep than awake, but yet with no place to lay down comfortably. Out among the baggage in the forward part of the steamer are stretched in all conceivable shapes, emigrants of all ages, from the little infant to the gray-haired old man. There are about forty of them in all, the females attired in that peculiar garb which always marks a foreigner—heavy, thick clothing on the hottest days. They are reclining upon trunks, boxes, bales, or sitting propped up against posts—in all the most uncomfortable positions seemingly they can get into, and each one of them perspiring like a field-hand in Midsummer. And thus things remain without the slightest variation in the monotony until the first grey streaks of morning fall upon the scene, and we have passed Catskill. The emigrants below stir not, though the noises on deck, the changing of baggage, the heavy din of firing up, &c., are steadily increasing in volume. Up on deck the scene is beautiful. No one has yet come out, but as the first golden rays of the sun shoot up, one after another of the passengers come forward to enjoy the morning air and the fine scenery at this point. The river is here beautiful, and the broad expanse of landscape spread out to view charmingly inviting.

Sunrise on the Hudson is one of the most beautiful sights to be witnessed—really indescribable, and to be appreciated must be seen. An excitement is raised as the passengers begin to gather on the deck by a spirited little race between our boat and one of the opposition line to Albany and Troy, which is just ahead of us. Attention is drawn from the scenery along the banks to the action of the two steamers. The *Powell* and the *Connecticut* are putting forth their best efforts, and a perceptible gain raises cheers from those on board the *Powell*. On she goes, gradually lessening the distance until her bow is within a few feet of the *Connecticut's* stern. Still she goes onward, until they are "neck and neck," when some one of the *Powell* offers to throw the *Connecticut* a line and tow her up. We have passed her, and she is behind, but for a short time only, as she puts on a spurt and is soon ahead again, when the joke and laugh is changed to the other boat. The *Powell* comes up and does her best until they are again "neck and neck," and so they remain without either gaining advantage, until the City of Albany is seen in the distance, and the channel compels the *Powell* to fall behind. In a short time we are at Albany, and both boats reach their dock about the same time. The city is still hushed in partial slumber, only those being abroad who have business with the boats or who expect friends. The stay at Albany is short, and off the *Powell* goes again up the river, the line of navigation which is here narrower, lying between two long rows of rank weeds, which raise their heads but a few feet above the surface of the water. A little above the city, and we come upon the draw-bridge, over which the trains from New-York for Albany and other points pass. The signal is given and answered, the draw swings around slowly and majestically, and the *Powell* passes between the immense granite piers. It is but a short sail thence to Troy, and soon after passing great tows of canal-boats, we reach the tumble-down, dilapidated structure which serves for a pier to the Company. It is certainly a disgrace to the city, whose people will one morning wake up and find that this great rambling structure has fallen overboard. The passengers soon disembark and we are in Troy.

BASE-BALL AND CRICKET.

The Eckfords Easily Defeated by the Mutuals—Score 27 to 8—Notes.

For the second time this season the Mutuals yesterday encountered the Eckfords on the Union Ground, and easily defeated them by a score of 27 to 8. Owing to the absence of START and MCMULLIN, several changes became necessary in the Mutual nine—BECHTEL taking first base, FULMER short-stop, PEARCE left field, and MILLS right field; but the changes made little difference, as the Eckfords played throughout an indifferent game, and were easily beaten.

	INNINGS.									
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Mutuals	3	2	3	1	4	2	5	0	1	—27
Eckfords	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	1	0	— 8

Runs Earned—Mutual, 5; Eckford, 0
Umpire—Mr. HOWORTH.
Time of Game—One hour and forty minutes.

NOTES.

On Tuesday the Atlantics and Mutuals play on the Union Ground.

The Nationals visit to New-York has been postponed.

The Atlantics hold their annual picnic at Lafferty's Park to-morrow.

In the championship contest, the six regular clubs stand in the following order: Boston, Athletic, Mutual, Baltimore, Troy, Cleveland.

A game of base-ball was played yesterday on the Capitoline Grounds, between the employes of the TIMES and *Herald*, resulting in a score of 32 to 45 in favor of the TIMES Club.

Cricket.

The St. George eleven, of this City, will visit Philadelphia during the latter part of the coming week, playing the Young Americas on the 3d and 4th, and the Germantown eleven on the 5th and 6th. The St. George eleven will be chosen from the following players: Brancker, Cox, Talbot, Bowman, Bance, Torrance, Orr, Sleigh, Jones, Gibbs, Forlun and Stabberfield.

The Manhattans play the newly-organized Staten Island Club, at Staten Island, on July 4, play beginning at 11 A. M.

The Box-Makers' Union.

The packing box-makers, who have been on strike since Thursday, not for a reduction of the hours of labor, but for an increase of wages of thirty-three per cent., held a meeting last night. It was reported that two additional shops, KOHLER'S, in New-York, and SHERMAN'S, in Brooklyn, had yielded to the demands of the men; and about seventy-five men or upward remain on strike, while about 400 are employed at the advanced rates. The average wages up to the strike was about $3 per day, all the work being paid for by the piece.

LONG BRANCH.

Sights and Scenes—Prospects of the Season—A Few Hints for Succeeding Visitors.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONG BRANCH, Saturday, June 29, 1872.

The merchant princes of London who affect Brighton—that much-loved sea-side resort on the coast of Sussex—boast that within one hour and ten minutes from the time they leave their counting-houses they are sniffing the briny, and yet have journeyed over fifty miles. Although the trip to Long Branch is only thirty-one miles it occupies nearly two hours; but, nevertheless, I am inclined to think that the New-Yorkers can run some of them their London rivals. Instead of being whirled along in a succession of dusty cars, they travel five-sixths of their route on large and well-appointed steam-boats. Instead of choking their lungs with dust they inhale the fresh, balmy breeze from one of the finest bays in the world, their internal economy goes through a healthy process of purification, and the cob-webs of business are blown out of the interstices of their brains. But, better than all, instead of arriving at home tired, dusty, petulant, and without an appetite, they are fresh, happy, hungry as hunters, and have a ready kiss for wife and children. With some few disadvantages, Long Branch is decidedly a great institution. Its ever-breaking waves would alone confer that distinction on it. But its fresh ocean breezes, its splendid sea view, its airy cliff path, its sandy shore—so prized by bathers and so genial to that over-worked bachelor class of men who, when out for a holiday, love to sleep in the day-time, and whom poor JOHN LEECH depicted as putting up a sign, attached to their sun-sheltering umbrellas: "I don't eat buns; I don't use pin-cushions; I hate parrots. Please don't notice me"—place it in the first rank of American watering-places.

Long Branch at this moment is on the very brink of its season, and Long Branch is ready for fashion's fray. The hotels are all painted, furbished up and bright-looking in their new ribbons to old bonnets. Their proprietors have artistically studied good manners and the art of inexpensive pleasing; and nothing, save the ill-will of Jupiter Pluvius, can apparently tread with effect on fashion's favorite corn. As yet, the hotels, with their very slight sprinkling of guests, present the appearance of a vast ball-room, all ready and prepared for the dance—the orchestra ready, the leader, baton in hand, the lights glistening and reflected in the mirrors, the master of the ceremonies ready to extend a courteous welcome so soon as the dancers shall arrive, and in a few minutes all will be life, glitter and bustle, and herein is a betrayal of one of those little weaknesses which characterize the worshipers at the shrine of fashion. The cottages are all occupied; the hotels are nearly empty. The would-be cream of society deems it to be its incumbent duty to arrive late; the cottage people, owning their own places, deem it their duty to arrive, not when they ought, but when they wish to do so. But these cottagers live in comparative retirement; hotel life necessitates more or less of publicity. Consequently a sprinkling of hotel guests makes more show than all the cottage people put together. But the laggards will soon be here, *habitués* will occupy their accustomed rooms and places at table, and though some—perhaps only indistinctly perhaps fondly remembered—will be missing, their well-known voices and forms will soon be lost in the mass of new faces and ravishing new toilets. Some of those already here do not hesitate to conceal their satisfaction that two disagreeably prominent characters will no longer jar their aristocratic sensibilities. They think that Long Branch will certainly now regain that brilliant *ton* which Mr. FISK'S six-in-hand and Mr. HELMBOLD'S double unicorn had slightly dimmed for a while. But another celebrity has already occupied the vacant place, much to the disgust of refined respectability. On the green, in close proximity to the telegraph office, as a sort of side-show to the mammoth circus-life of "the Branch," the Learned Pig has built himself a Summer residence in the shape of a tent, and proposes to enter into competition with Mr. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN in the keeping of a gambling-house, and to entrap the innocent and unwary into playing draw-poker or euchre for a stake of from one dollar upward per game. By the by, I see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has the pillars of the piazza which surrounds his lordly villa painted red and white. Is this by way of hanging out his shingle? It is, at all events, a general custom among town *shavers*, and in these days of trades-unions it is dangerous for a Roman not to do as the Romans do. So I suppose Mr. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN obeys the precept, "Go thou and do likewise."

But Long Branch, as I have said, is on the brink of its season. It may be said to begin to-morrow with the races. Every train today has brought heavy reinforcements, both from New-York and southward via Philadelphia. Linen dusters prevailed rather than Dolly Varden costumes, many of the new arrivals being sporting men. Nevertheless, many families, who had engaged rooms and had put off and put off their advent, have, like the wolf in the fable, come at last, not wishing to miss the races, *paterfamilias*, in many instances, having an interest in the great race to come off on Tuesday. As yet, the last comers have not appeared on parade. All—the ladies—are busy unpacking their trunks, and thinking what bewitching costume they shall don to-morrow. In the meantime the sporting fraternity is at fever heat. Dr. UNDERWOOD is here, and will commence pool-selling by auction this evening. Of course, the match between *Harry Bassett* and *Longfellow* throws every other event into the shade. The ladies are going heavily in kid gloves on one or the other, and betting men appear puzzled. Dr. UNDERWOOD says that his instructions lead him to consider the betting as nearly even as possible; but the locals, here, lay odds on *Harry Bassett* in consequence of the short distance. What a chance for female dishonesty. How they can work the old French proverb, "*Monsieur pate toujours.*" If the weather is as fine to-morrow—clear sky and fresh breezes—and if people flock in as they have done today, the first day of the meeting should be a great success.

The arrangements of the steam-boat and railroad companies, as arranged for the season, will provide ample accommodations. Ordinarily they leave New-York at 9 A. M., 3:40 P. M., and 4½ P. M., making the trip to Long Branch in about an hour and fifty minutes, with corresponding trains and boats the other way. But the company, I hear, propose to run extra boats and trains if the number of passengers in any way calls for increased accommodation. The race ought to open the ball of the Long Branch season with eclat. Should it turn out otherwise the hotel-keepers have already sufficient engagements of rooms and applications to lead them to anticipate a season such as their heart loveth.

Arrival of the Irish National Band.

Among the passengers that arrived by the *Abyssinia*, yesterday, were the Irish National Band of Dublin. When the difficulty arose about the royal permission to the Grenadier and Irish Constabulary Bands, Mr. P. S. GILMORE engaged this corps. They are a fine-looking body of men, and by their accent show that with many of them the name is their only claim to Irish nationality. They were dressed in their ordinary citizens' clothes, although they have a very showy uniform of green faced with white and gold trimmings. Their cap is the regulation French peak, heavily ornamented with bullion.

The musicians are forty in number, with instruments of the reed and string variety, thus making them in reality a double band. Mr. EDWARD CLEMENTS is their director. They are very anxious that they shall not be mistaken for the Constabulary Band.

They were met at the Cunard Dock by Mr. P. S. GILMORE, who saw to the proper delivery of their baggage to the *Narragansett* steamer, and then piloted the visitors around the City on a tour of sight-seeing.

Children's Aid Society—Closing Exercises of the Night Schools.

Most of the night schools supported by the Children's Aid Society were closed at the regular time, two months ago; but the attendance at the Fifth and Fourteenth Ward Schools has been so uniformly large that they have been kept open up to yesterday, when they were closed for the season. The closing exercises in the Fifth Ward School were held on Friday evening in the presence of a large attendance of parents and other visitors. The programme consisted of singing, dialogues and recitations by the pupils, and addresses by Mr. ASHCROFT and Mr. M. DUPUY, concluding with an abundant supply of ice-cream and cake. At the Fourteenth Ward School, in Crosby-street, the closing exercises were remarkably interesting. The pupils—hard-working boys and girls—had devoted themselves heartily to the parts assigned them for the evening, and rendered them in a manner that called forth the repeated applause of their visitors. A pleasant feature of the entertainment here was the singing of Miss THORPTON, who delighted the audience by her rendering of several popular airs. At the close of the exercises a number of the pupils were presented with certificates of good conduct and punctuality, signed by the President and Secretary of the Children's Aid Society. The schools will be reopened in October.

JOHN JOURDAN.

Monument to the Late Superintendent of Police.

Some time ago the widow of the late Superintendent of Police, JOHN JOURDAN, called on Messrs. FISHER & BIRD, the importers and manufacturers of altars, monuments, &c., at No. 44 East Houston-street, and contracted with Mr. BIRD for a magnificent monument, to be placed over the grave of her husband, in Calvary Cemetery. The price fixed on was $6,000, and Mrs. BIRD agreed that the monument should be completed by the 1st of October next. Yesterday morning Herr JOSEPH GRAEF, the sculptor in the employ of Messrs. FISHER and BIRD, gave the finishing touch to his clay model of the statue of JOHN JOURDAN. As a work of art it is exquisite. The model is, and of course the statue will be, life-size. JOURDAN is represented as dressed in citizen's clothes, wearing a Shrine overcoat, tight-fitting body-coat and pantaloons. The left hand is carelessly thrust into the bosom of the body-coat, one of JOURDAN'S habits during life, and the right rests on a short pillar. The stand and general pose of the figure is manly and pronounced, as befits the man, the drapery graceful and well finished. On the head of the figure the artist has evidently lavished all his care. It is perfect. The peculiar crimp of the hair, the quiet, searching expression of the face and the strange contour of the head are reproduced with Pre-raphaelite fidelity. It is a genuine work of art, and Messrs. FISHER & BIRD have every reason to be proud of their sculptor's handiwork. Mr. GRAEF is the sculptor who carved the exquisite altar-pieces for St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church. It is expected that the monument to the late Superintendent of Police will be completed by the 1st of September next. The statue itself will be wrought from the finest Carrara marble. The pedestal on which it will rest will be of the best Quincy granite, elaborately molded and grooved, and having on its friezes bronzes, wreaths and crosses of immortelles. The inscription will be simply "JOHN JOURDAN."

Personal.

Attorney-General Geo. C. Bates, of Utah, is at the Grand Central Hotel. Gen. F. A. Starring, of Washington; Gen. D. Ward, of Cincinnati; Col. J. M. Van Buskirk, of Pennsylvania; Gen. C. C. Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, and Col. J. S. Carlisle, of West Virginia, are at the Fifth-avenue Hotel. Senator H. L. Swords, of New-Orleans; Gen. James M. Scovil, of New-Jersey; Hon. Charles H. Sherrill, of Washington, and Col. Geo. R. Russell, of Hartford, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Gen. Adel, of the United States Army, is at the St. Germain Hotel. Gen. Geo. Reed, of the United States Army, and Rev. W. W. Keep, of Memphis, are at the Grand Central Hotel. Congressman Alex Mitchell, of Milwaukee, and H. F. Sweetser, President of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, are at the Hoffman House. Gen. Henry Stoorm, of Long Island, is

THE WILLOW-WARE TRADE.

Extent of the Business—How Baskets are Made—Interesting Facts and Statistics.

Few people who buy baskets either for family or domestic use, stop to think of the immense amount of capital involved in this branch of trade or of the great number of persons dependent upon it for a livelihood.

It is estimated that $500,000 are annually invested in baskets and the various other articles that are made of willow and its substitutes. In some portions of this and adjacent States whole villages are engaged in the manufacture of baskets, using other growths as well as willow for these useful articles. Willow ranks first on account of its suppleness, and then follow cane, rattan, rice grass, palm-leaf, cedar, white ash, oak, hickory, and even whalebone and twine enter largely into the composition of baskets, table mats, chairs, infants' carriages, fire-screens, dog-houses, bird-cages, tables, and wood boxes or racks. In Dutchtown, on Long Island, many German families work at basket-making, every member of the family contributing to its support in this way, from the child of three years to the grandfather of fourscore. In attics, cellars, basements, back rooms and shanties, the trade is carried on, and supplies a good livelihood to the badly laborers, who crave no dainties, and enjoy good health on simple fare, living content to save until able to invest in a bit of land. In this way the humble basket-maker becomes a "boss," and employs other families to work for him. In Connecticut there is a farm called "The Willows," the property of Mrs. COLT, where many settlers from Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Norway gain a comfortable living, and enjoy the benefit of a quiet country life. During the week they toil contentedly at their trade, and on the Sabbath enjoy a recreation not to be found in our large cities, while in a cosy little chapel dedicated to their use they also find food for the soul. Nearer home we find settlements in Jersey, where the willows are grown, cut, stripped of their bark, bleached, soaked again to make them supple, and made up into those strong, durable baskets every housewife finds so essential in the domestic economy of the house. There are the square, high, flat-covered hampers for soiled clothing, then the oval basket for use in the laundry, and of very recent date comes the crunk, strong, clean, light, and secure, for the dainty muslins and immaculate shirts that must be returned from the laundry in good shape.

Sailors' Snug Harbor also supplies us with baskets made of palm leaf dexterously woven, and table-mats and knife-baskets of the same material are found to be cleanly, cheap and durable. In baskets the sailors make a great variety, but all are useful and readily purchased. Then there is a perfect valise, lined with white linen to keep the dust away from the clothing, which can be securely strapped, and is far lighter to carry on a journey than the old-time leather valise, with iron band and brace. Neat lunch-baskets of the palm leaf seem most appropriate for those excursions where simplicity is the aim. So ingeniously have the sailors made use of the palm-leaf that their products have been imitated abroad and imported to our own shores in rivalry with the home industry. Every Monday of the week the ferry-boats between New-York and Brooklyn are largely patronized by the basket-makers who live on Long Island. Not unfrequently three or four members of a family may be seen on these ferries laden with large bundles of assorted white willows, which they are conveying to their homes, to be on Saturday returned in baskets for the purchaser, who probably never gives a thought to where the willow grew, who made the basket, or how the maker lives, whether in squalid poverty, pinching want, or homely comfort. Day after day, the whole year through, the basket-maker plods his round, the willows taken home on Monday, worked at all the week, and Saturday he brings the fruits of his toil to the market by dozens or by nests, and receiving from fifty cents to $24 per dozen, and from $7 50 to $10 per nest, according to their size and style.

The appearance of a large basket store is an interesting one, because of the diversity of forms exhibited and the multiplicity of material used in the manufacture. The supple willow and the soft palm-leaf in all their varied forms stand side by side with the farmer's basket of sturdy oak splits, hickory slips and ashen splints, cedar from the far West also contributing her fragrant wood in forming those square dainty little baskets the farmer's daughter thinks "so nice" when she goes a nutting in the Fall. Then the familiar market-basket presents itself in device as varied as the ingenuity of the maker—round, oval, square, oblong, with two covers, one opening against the other, or with one only, and frequently none at all. Fruit-baskets of every size, shape and design cluster close by the matter-of-fact market-basket, easily tempting the passer-by to spend a few pennies so that the little ones at home may have something to gather berries in; and children prize these gifts far more than parents and friends ever dream they do. How easy, when passing Fulton or Washington Markets, on his way home, might the fond father carry pleasure to his child by the purchase of one of these little baskets, and, filled with wholesome fruit, enhance that pleasure many-fold, on his return to the happy home at night.

While the labor of many of our home factories keeps us well supplied with all the baskets enumerated, the importation of fancy and useful baskets reaches a large amount each year, and brings to our doors the industries of all quarters of the globe. From France, Germany, the East and West Indies, come baskets made of cane, bamboo, straw, grass, manilla and enamelled willow; all so ingeniously woven and in some cases so deftly commingled as to excite not only admiration but wonder. From the Island of Madeira come bamboo bird-cages, resembling the villas of the grandees, and one cage of most perfect construction was seen by the writer resembling, in all the minute detail of galleries, windows and towers, the principal church on that Island, and conveying an accurate idea of the style of architecture employed there. Champagne-baskets, for the table, are also one of the novelties produced there, as well as queer, octagon-shaped straw-baskets for ladies' work, and sandals, made of straw, to be worn while walking on the beach or bathing in the surf. For country-houses we find the pliant willow woven in a substantial manner as receptacles for wood that shall fill the grate with glowing embers, but which the lady house-wife seeks to conceal from view until needed, to add its warmth in driving the chilling blasts of Winter from the room. Some of these are in the form of racks, with an opening at the side where the deft fingers of mother, sister or daughter may display their skill by filling in with tapestry. Of the same design are willow frames for work-tables, wall-baskets, book-racks and paper-racks, all leaving space to be filled according to the taste of the purchaser. Many of these are also completed in willow of various colors and different qualities of texture, fine, coarse and medium. Work-baskets, to be used as tables, and filled with pockets and cushions, with a close-fitting cover, vie with the delicate and snowy ash which the Indians split and resplit and then weave into baskets for the pale faces. Painted bouquets adorn some, as true to nature as the heart of the forest maiden whose skill has fashioned the splintered ash and adapted it to her fairer sisters' wants; in others, cunning compartments are designed to contain thread, buttons, hooks and eyes, and in a little nook among the cushions for needles and pins there is a cup for the thimble so that it is an easy matter to find all the requisites that pertain to sewing. Many of these white-ash baskets are also made by the Shakers at Nebanon, N. Y., and find a ready market in all parts of the country. Willow is, however, best adapted for the baskets which ladies find so useful when "out shopping;" these are mostly imported, made of white willow and then covered with a black varnish that endures as long as the basket. Then, too, the wants of the old ladies are remembered, for we find a basket in which they may carry their clean starched caps, when they "go a visiting;" and besides there are long round baskets with handles for their knitting, in which is much handier than putting a great ball of yarn and a bristling bunch of knitting needles in their pockets, as our grandmothers were wont to do. Since Mother Eve discovered the necessity of dress it would seem that the wants of the ladies increase in a ratio commensurate with the discoveries of the age; not only have they work-baskets, market-baskets, shopping-baskets, knitting-baskets, cap-baskets and clothes-baskets, but baby-baskets, too, in which baby's clothes are laid ready to be put on when bathed in the morning, and woe be to that unlucky individual who dares appropriate baby's basket for any other use. France sends us a dainty toilet table for the baby of fight, pliant willow, draped with snowy curtains of lace, with pale blue silk beneath, and, with the table, a cradle of willow sonahs, where royalty might sleep undisturbed, so white, perfect and evenly woven is the miniature bedstead; and when baby grows big enough to scorn the cradle, we find a frame of stout willow to stand her in until she is able to walk, and then a low willow chair with a stand in front for the toys her baby fingers are capable of holding, surely a willow settle among them, and then a carriage of willow, and a high chair to eat her at the table; and, when she is big enough, there will be a willow carriage so that she can take her dolly "to riding." The decision in willow-ware will deserve the consideration of the curious, for not only are the articles enumerated to be procured in great variety, but Germany being a country of knitting and crochet work the devices for containing the wools, silks, cottons and needles employed in these graceful occupations are almost as numerous as the designs they elaborate. Baskets round and barrel-shaped, oval and flat, oblong and pointed, opening at the end, in the middle and at the side, for all lengths of knitting-needles and any sized ball of yarn or worsted, are used in Germany and imported also. There was a number in one house representing fish, crabs and ducks; some were exquisitely embroidered in bright colors, while others were made of mixed willow, rattan and whale-bone. Cane is used extensively in the manufacture of chairs, tables, settees, cradles, clothes-hampers and baby carriages, but is usually classed as willow-ware. We noticed a table from India as unique in design and as elaborate in workmanship as those made of the finest woods. Settees and sofas, large easy chairs, and rustic seats for the cottage and the garden are made in sets to match with the tables, and are substantial too. Some of the chairs are luxurious and capacious, the arms forming a desk at either side, which may be used while reading or writing. In these chairs we may lean back, and while "napping" dream of the sunny banks where the willows grow, or of far off India where the swarthy natives collect the pliant bamboo and weave it into useful and ornamental shapes. The bamboo split into innumerable fine threads has been woven into a hammock, but we fancy the repose to be found in so hard a bed rather undesirable. One of the uses to which the willow is sometimes put is not so poetical as those described above, but may be considered of equal utility—that of a "rod of correction" for obstreperous youth. And apropos of this, an old legend tells us that "when the persecutors of the God-man would scourge Him, they plaited scourges of the willow, a flexible, pliant, tough bough that would bend, but not break; a tree whose slender branches toward heavenward; and laying these scourges upon His shoulders, they gave Him many thousand strokes, and ceased not for shame, but the noble tree bowed down at the first stroke, and ever since has bent its swaying tendrils with shame and sorrow to the earth, and thus arose the name of 'weeping willow.'" Be the story true or false, the willow still droops, and may be seen in many of the burial-places of the dead, swaying its soft green branches above the sod, and sheltering the grave of some one tenderly loved in life and gently guarded in death by those who often seek the willow's shade to mourn the departed. Not only are the boughs of the willow useful, but the roots also serve an excellent purpose, interlacing themselves in the earth and forming a netted barrier upon the banks of the streams, thus preventing the Spring freshets from overflowing the banks and inundating the land. When and where the willow was first brought into requisition for baskets we have no particular data, but that baskets are as ancient as Christianity itself we know, for when the multitudes had been fed upon the mount the fragments filled twelve baskets; whether or not the baskets were willow we have no authentic information. In our time basket-making has reached a degree of perfection never before attained, the trade in New-York representing the products of every part of the world, and presenting a variety unequaled in beauty, diversity of design, and superiority of finish.

Business in the United States Courts—Criminal and Bankruptcy Cases.

Judge SHIPMAN sat on the United States Circuit Court, yesterday, for the disposal of criminal business.

The attachment taken out by the District-Attorney to punish Mr. BELL, lawyer, for contempt of Court, was taken up. Mr. BELL has been directed to appear before the Grand Jury and produce certain letters addressed to his client, a man named POLLOCK, who was indicted for fraudulently importing linen, but he had refused so to do, and the attachment was taken out against him. The Court refused to grant the order sought for.

LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS, who was found guilty of having counterfeit plates in his possession, was sent to the Kings County Penitentiary for six months. FREDERICK GOODAL, convicted of selling and attempting to sell, washed or counterfeit revenue stamps, was sentenced to two years and six month's imprisonment.

Upon the demurrer to the indictment in the case of ROSEFIELD, charged with perjury, the Judge overruled the demurrer and fixed the prisoner's bail at $5,000. The application was made on the omission of the word "knowingly" in the indictment, and while the Court would not tolerate willful negligence on the part of the District-Attorney's office, it would not consider such an omission rendered the indictment void.

WM. H. WIEGEL, who has been indicted for perjury in the Tilden-Butler suit, appeared before Judge SHIPMAN, in the United States Circuit Court, yesterday, and stated that he had been unsuccessful in trying to procure bail in this City, but if allowed to return to Baltimore he could get any amount. The District-Attorney did not object, and permission was given him to go to Baltimore on condition that he returns on the 16th of July.

During the two weeks ending yesterday, NORMAN W. KINGSLEY and JOHN F. SCHROEDER have filed voluntary petitions in bankruptcy; Runyon W. Martin, Jr., Howard A. Martin, Ignatius A. Whelan, Julius Blumenthal, Alfred Welde, Wm. B. Fiske, C. D. Lawrence, Charles J. Francke, F. Francke, Rudolph Nathan, Gustav Benhardy, John J. Madden, and Walter Blundell have been adjudicated involuntary bankrupts, and Moses Sternheimer, Joseph W. Rebt, Henry S. Lastgnky, and Alvah Blaisdell have received discharges in bankruptcy.

Free Tea and Coffee—Large Quantities to Be Taken From Bond.

For some time past the Custom-house officers of the Warehouse Division, Deputy Collector JAMES in charge, and other officials having to do with the withdrawal of goods, have been busy preparing for the press of business which will occur on and after to-morrow, the 1st of July, when the provisions of the new Tariff law go into effect, and tea and coffee are placed upon the free list.

In anticipation of the renewed demand for these articles, which is expected to occur, importers have been receiving large quantities, and these have been kept in bond ready for withdrawal on the first proximo. Some of the Custom-house clerks have been employed daily long after the usual office hours, in preparing the preliminary papers or permits for the heavy withdrawals to be made. Yesterday afternoon the number of half-chests of tea in bond at this port was about 910,000. It is estimated that about 400,000 of these will be ready for withdrawal tomorrow morning, when the Custom-house will be opened for business at 7 o'clock.

The Missing Vicar-General Discovered.

Rev. Dr. NELLIGAN, Vicar-General of Nassau, N. P., whose sudden disappearance excited some anxiety in Brooklyn a few days since, has been discovered alive and well at McCaffrey's Hotel, Rockaway. No explanation has yet been given of his absence.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Stocks and Other Securities Exchanged—JUNE 29.

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—10½ A. M.

$30,500 U. S. 6s, '81, C.	122½	$1,000 U.S. 5s, 10-40 C.	112¾
$1,000 U. S. 5-20 C. '67	115¾	25,000 do	112¾
4,000 U. S. 6s, 10-40 R.	112¾	10,000 do	113¼
10,000 U. S. 6s, C.	b3 116		

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—10 A. M.

200 Nickelsilver	41¾	200 Erie Railway	55¾
200 do	42	200 do	55¾
100 Quicksilver Pref.	32¾	200 do	56¼
400 do	32¾	100 do	56¾
200 do	32¾	200 do	56¾
300 Lake Shore	86¾	200 do	s3. 56¾
100 Western Union	75¾	300 do	56¾
100 do	75¾	500 do	56¾
200 do	75¾	1000 do	56¾
200 Pacific Mail	73¾	100 do	56¾
500 do	73¾	100 do	s3. 56¾
100 U. Pacific	b3. 37¾	200 do	56¾
200 North-western	73¾	200 do	s3. 56¾
200 do	73	200 do	56¾
100 do	s3. 73¾	200 do	56¾
200 do	b30. 73¾	400 C. & Miss	49¾
600 do	73	1500 do	48¾
200 Rock Island	111	600 do	49
100 do	111	400 do	48¾
300 R., H. & E.	b.c. 8½	100 C., C. & I. C.	95¾

FIRST BOARD—10¾ A. M.

2,000 Tenn. 6s, Old	74½	200 Quick. Trust	b3. 83¼
1,000 Tenn. 6s, New	74½	200 do	bc. 84
20,000 Ark. 7s, issued	70	100 do	85
5,000 do	71½	100 W. Un. Tel.	b.c. 79
5,000 do	72½	200 L. & M. Sc.	b.c. 96¾
5,000 do	73	100 U. Pa. R.R.	b.c. 37¾
5,000 do	73½	300 F. M. & Co.	b.c. 97¾
5,000 do	Nov. 73¾	200 do	97¾
5,000 do	July 73¾	200 do	73
2,000 Erie 2d	86	200 do	73
40,000 Un. Pacific 1st	94¾	60 L. S. & M. S.	96
1,000 U. P. R. & L. Gt.	87¾	14 Panama	135
5,000 Chic. & Alt. 1st	106½	16 Cle. & Pitts.	91½
15,000 Ohio & Miss. 2d	87¾	200 Chi. & N. W.	b.c. 58
5,000 Mil. & St. P.	90	200 do	s2. 72¾
5,000 Iowa Div.	80¾	200 do	73
2,000 C., C. & I. C.	81¾	100 do	72¾
1,000 do	81¾	100 Ch. & N. W. Pf.	b.c. 90¾
30,000 R., H. & E. 1st	42¾	200 Ch. & R. I.	b.c. 111
4,000 C. P. & K. 1st	98¾	200 do	111¾
100 Com. Coal	44¾	200 do	111¾
10 Del. & H. Canal	121	100 do	b3. 111¾
100 Quick. M. Co.	41¾	50 N. J. Cen.	104¾
900 do	b.c. 41¾	20 Del., L. & West	108
100 U. S. Ex.	b.c. s3. 87¾	100 Tol., W. & W.	b.c. 75¾
100 Erie R.	b.c. 55¾	100 H. & St. Jos.	b.c. 41
100 do	s30. 55¾	100 do	b.c. c. 40¾
200 do	56¾	400 M., Kan. & T.	42
200 do	56¾	1600 Ohio & Miss.	b.c. 49¾
100 do	56¾	100 do	b5. 46¾
100 do	56	400 M., Kan. & T.	s2. 35¾
200 do	s3. 56	300 do	35¾
100 do	56¾		

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—12½ P. M.

$13,000 U.S. 5-20 C., '64,	114⅛	$500 U.S. 5-20 C., '67	115¾
C.	114⅛		

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—12½ P. M.

100 U. S. Ex.	s2. 87¾	400 North-western	72¾
100 M. U. Ex.	87¾	100 do	s3. 73
200 Erie R.	c. 56¾	200 do	73
500 Lake Shore	b3. 86¾	100 Ohio and Miss.	48¾
400 do	86¾	500 do	49
900 Union Pacific	37¾	100 Pacific Mail	73¾
200 do	38	100 do	73¾
100 do	37¾		

SECOND BOARD—1 P. M.

200 W. U. Tel.	b.c. b3. 78¾	200 Lake S. & M.	So.
100 Quicksilver Min.	41¾	bet. cash	b3. 96¾
100 Consol. Coal	44¾	100 L. S. & M. Scrip	96¾
5 Am. Ex.	96¾	100 Chic. & N. W.	73¾
5 Am. M. U. Ex.	73¾	200 do	b.c. 73
100 do	74	100 C. & N. W. Pf.	b.c. 90¾
100 Pac. Mail	b.c. b3. 73¾	500 Del., L. & W.	107¾
200 N. Y. Cen. & Hud.	116	200 Mil. & St. Paul	58¾
bet. cash	s2. 97¾	100 do	58¾
300 Erie R.	bet. cash. 56¾	100 Col., C. & I. C.	s3. 53¾
250 Ill. Central	127	100 Mor., Kan. & T.	41¾

SATURDAY, June 29—P. M.

The Bank return this Afternoon comes all right after the apparent discrepancies of last week. The Loans fall back $3,804,000. The gain in Gold Notes is $2,283,500, and in Greenbacks $1,023,000. The Deposits go up $3,456,900. The general movement, over the required 25 ₱ cent., Lawful Money to Deposits and Circulation, is $3,413,250 stronger than on the previous return. Money closes 4@5 ₱ cent. to the Brokers, on call loan, and 5 to 7 ₱ cent. on Mercantile discounts and time loans on Stock collateral. The Export of American Gold Coin for the week is $2,643,000; other Specie, $558,000; total, $3,200,000.

The Stock market of the day was generally firm on a moderate business. The attendance in the Hall of the Exchange, as usual on a hot Saturday, was comparatively thin. After the Second Board the following quotations were made, as compared with Friday night. Exchange on London closed firm at 110 ₱ cent. 60 days, and the sales of Gold were at 113⅛@113⅛@113⅛ ₱ cent.:

CLOSING QUOTATIONS—JUNE 29.

	Friday.	Saturday.
United States New 5s	113⅛	113⅛
U. S. 5-20s, '65, May and Nov.	115⅛	115⅛
U. S. 5-20s, '67, Jan. and July	118⅛	118⅛
American Gold	113⅛	113⅛
Bills on London, 60 days	110	110
N. Y. Central and Hudson	97¼	97¼
Chicago and Rock Island	110¾	111¼
North-west Common	72¾	73
Pacific Mail	73	73¼
St. Paul Preferred	77¾	77¾
St. Paul Common	53¾	53¼
Ohio and Mississippi	46¼	46¾
Western Union Telegraph	75	75
Erie	54¾	55¼
Union Pacific	37¾	37½
Lake Shore	96¾	96¾
C., C. and Indiana Central	85¼	85¾
Missouri, Kansas and Texas	41¾	41¾

UNITED STATES TREASURY, NEW-YORK, June 29, 1872.

Gold receipts	$724,359 65
Gold payments	1,397,803 26
Gold balance	45,678,953 05
Currency receipts	610,669 54
Currency payments	1,253,672 45
Currency balance	6,138,363 99
Customs	182,000 00

The business at the office of the United States Assistant Treasurer, New-York, in June was as follows:

May 31, 1872, by balance	$21,201,760 71
Receipts during the month—	
On account of customs	9,251,681 62
On account of gold notes	2,258,500 00
On account of internal revenue	414,615 58
On account of Three Per Cent. Certificates	5,000 00
On account of Post-office Department	1,126,052 20
On account of customers	2,277,222 22
On account of patent fees	2,450 30
On account of miscellaneous	11,70 9,017 51
On account of disbursing accounts	2,90 1,982 21
On account of other offices	112 3,52 22
On account of interest accounts, viz.: In coin	2,303 195 88
Total	$111,590,602 52
Payments—	
Treasury drafts	$21,215,61 8 97
Post-office drafts	856,07 1 89
Disbursing accounts	13,571,61 5 29
Assay office	157,945 54
Interest accounts, viz.—	
In coin	2,303,886 95
Balance	$93,656,901 97
Balance to credit Treasurer United States	$67,254,011 48
Balance to credit disbursing accounts	14,158,347 89
Balance to credit Assay office	2,164,542 30
Receipts for Customs in the month of June, 1872	$7,461,691 22
Receipts for Customs in the month of June, 1871	10,496,314 54
Decrease June, 1872	$3,225,623 32

PHILADELPHIA STOCKS—JUNE 29.

Telegraphed to Messrs. E. D. Randolph & Co.

	Bid.	Asked.
City 6s, old	90½	
City 6s, new	100¾	100¾
Camden and Amboy	126	126½
Pennsylvania Central	89	89¾
Reading	122	122¾
Lehigh Valley	89¾	
Catawissa Preferred	45¾	46
Philadelphia and Erie	28	28¼
Northern Central	39¾	39½
Lehigh Navigation	43¾	44
Lehigh Gold Loan	93	93½

The Atlantic and Pacific Company have leased the Missouri Pacific Road, the Eastern trunk of the Atlantic and Pacific lines from St. Louis to the Pacific Road. The Missouri Pacific is a flourishing property, with a moderate debt, and a Capital of $8,600,000, which, under the lease, is to be doubled to $17,200,000. Upon this an Interest of Five ₱ cents is to be paid the first year; Six ₱ cent. per annum for two years thereafter, and Seven ₱ cent. perpetually after these three years. The old stock is quoted 105@106 ₱ cent., equal to 53½@54 ₱ cent. when the Capital is doubled.

Messrs. WINSLOW, LANIER & Co. advertise to pay the July Interest for the Fort Wayne Road, First and Second Mortgages; for the Dayton and Michigan; for the Cincinnati, Richmond and Chicago; for the Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati; for the Alleghany Valley; for the Cities of Alleghany, Wheeling, Terre Haute and Shawneetown; for the towns of Marietta and Hamner; for Jackson and Washington Counties, Ohio; for Saline and Shawnee Counties, Kansas; for Richmond Indiana Gas Company; for the Massillon and Cleveland Road; for the Grand Rapids Road; for the Poughkeepsie and Easton Road, and for the Indianapolis Water-works.

The Rome and Watertown Road will pay a Half-Yearly Dividend of *Four ₱ cent.* at the Mercantile Bank, July 15.

The Park Bank will pay the July Interest for the California Pacific Road.

Messrs. THOMAS DENNY & Co., No. 39 Wall-street, advertise, on private sale, the Second Mortgage Bonds of the Missouri Pacific Road, soon to pass under lease to the Atlantic and Pacific Company.

The Manufacturers' and Merchants' Bank has declared a Half-Yearly Dividend of *Four ₱ cent.*, payable July 8.

The Dry Goods Bank has declared a Half-Yearly Dividend of *Three and a half ₱ cent.*, payable July 10.

The Fifth National Bank has declared a Quarterly Dividend of *Three and a half ₱ cent.*, payable July 1.

Mr. H. G. MARQUAND, No. 120 Broadway, will pay the July Interest of the Canso and Fulton Road.

The Hanover Fire Insurance Company declare their usual Semi-annual Dividend of *Five ₱ cent.*, payable on demand.

The week's imports of foreign merchandise have been to the specie value of $4,456,697.

A correspondent sends us the following in regard to the security of private letter-boxes:

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

The recent circular of Postmaster-General CRESWELL relative to letter-boxes is now followed by a very urgent appeal from our Postmaster at New-York, explaining more fully the great necessity of their adoption. Those who have already accepted the admirable letter-box and plate affixed by Mr. EDWARD COFFEY, of No. 299 Broadway, attest to its comfort and convenience. Now that this excellent reform is coming so generally into favor, we have every means of securing perfect safety to mail matter and more frequent and prompt deliveries. M.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

☞ ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.

Besides being the obligation of a wealthy corporation, composed of men of experience and high-toned commercial integrity, they are secured by a first mortgage on the road, revenues, land grant, franchise and equipments, combined in one mortgage, and are readily negotiable both in the markets of this country and Europe.

A liberal sinking fund provided in the mortgage deed must advance the price upon the closing of the loan. Principal and interest payable in GOLD. Interest at eight (8 p. c.) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. Denominations, $1,000, $500 and $100, Coupons or Registered.

Price 97½ and accrued interest in currency, from Feb. 15, 1872.

Maps, circulars, documents and information furnished.

Trustees—Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New-York.

The diminished quantity of these Bonds for sale, and the increased demand absorbing them, warrant the belief that they will soon be sought for at an advance considerably above the present subscription price at which they can now be had through the principal banks and bankers throughout the country, and from the undersigned, who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall-st.

Howes & Macy, Bankers, No. 30 Wall-st., New-York, offer the same facilities to Depositors as Incorporated Banks, and allow Interest on daily Balances at the rate of Four per Cent.

Statistics for the Week.

The Police arrested 1,920 persons in this City during last week.

There were reported last week 709 deaths, 357 births and 144 marriages, showing the large increase of 128 deaths over the previous week. This increase was caused by mortality among infants, and by diarrheal diseases consident to the hot weather. There were 21 deaths from small-pox, being 2 more than the previous week, but the cases of this disease decreased from 77 to 61.

Fire-Marshal MCSPEDON reports 28 fires for the week ending as noon yesterday. Estimated loss, $19,850; amount of insurance, $219,500. Of these fires but 8 were caused by carelessness, 5 by foul chimneys, 5 by fireworks, 6 by explosion of kerosene and liquid-gas lamps, 2 by spontaneous combustion, 1 by ignition of vapor from petroleum, and the rest from a variety of feeddental causes.

Judge Dowling Off for Europe.

Justice JOSEPH DOWLING, of the Tombs Police Court, was to have sailed for Europe in the steamer *Egypt* yesterday, but the steamer being unavoidably detained; the Justice will not sail until today. His projected tour will be a private one, and, unlike the last occasion of the kind, no steamers crowded with friends will accompany him down the Bay. His pleasure tour for such it will be, will last five weeks, and he will return to New-York in the same vessel, to resume his labors on the Bench.

ROBBERIES IN THE CITY.

Arrest of Pickpockets—Highway Robbers and Sneaking Swindlers.

ELLEN JOURNER, a woman of abandoned character, was held for trial at the Tombs yesterday by Alderman COMAN, for stealing a gold watch and chain, value $150, from WILLIAM H. MERRICK, of No. 300 Grand-street, on Friday night.

While walking through Mott-street early yesterday morning, JAMES CAMPBELL, of No. 108 Bayard-street, had his watch, value $60, snatched out of his pocket by JOHN LYNCH, eighteen years old, residing at No. 6 Elizabeth-street, who was arrested while running away by Detective BRENNAN, of the Fourteenth Precinct. LYNCH, on being arraigned at the Tombs yesterday, was held for trial.

Mr. ROBERT D. BRONSON, a resident of Richmond, Va., at present stopping at No. 9 East Twelfth-street, got on a Grand-street car early yesterday morning, and, being unacquainted with the City, rode in the car beyond its destination, until he discovered himself at the Grand-street Ferry. Stating next to him in the car was JAMES REID, an ex-driver of the Grand-street road, Mr. BRONSON asked him whether he would not be kind enough to show him the way to Broadway. REID said yes, and as soon as they were thirty feet from the car, knocked Mr. BRONSON down and snatched his gold locket, value $600, from his pocket. He was pursued and captured, with the watch in his possession, by Roundsman CROHIN, of the Thirteenth Precinct. On being arraigned before Justice SHANDLEY, at Essex Market, yesterday, REID was held for trial in default of $10,000 bail.

When CHARLES W. MOORE, the noted emigrant swindler, now under sentence of imprisonment in Sing Sing, kept his spider's den at No. 148 Liberty-street, a man of fine presence, named JACOB LEVI, kept a similar establishment in West-street. LEVI, who is a German Jew, and wealthy, is one of the foremost of emigrant swindlers. On the 15th of last August LEVI went and met the inbound train from the West at Philadelphia Railroad Depot in Jersey City. He formed the acquaintance of a poor German named ALOIS GRIESHABER, and asked him where he was going to. GRIESHABER said, "to Hamburg." "Why," said LEVI, "I am going there too. I have $1,000; how much have you got?" The unsuspecting German said he had $645. "You must have the money changed into notes," said LEVI, "come with me." So he changed GRIESHABER to CHARLEY MOORE'S den in Liberty-street, and GRIESHABER bought a passage ticket. There were two men said to be clerks in the place, and they put what seemed to be GRIESHABER'S change in German money into a large envelope and sewed it up in his waistcoat. GRIESHABER was taken to the steamer by LEVI, and sailed in her. On arriving at Hamburg he opened the envelope and found that it contained but $9. Three weeks ago he returned here and told his sad story to Capt. LEARY of the Twenty-fifth Precinct, who paid his board in a respectable hotel. Yesterday morning Capt. LEARY arrested LEVI in South-street, and on bringing him before Alderman COMAN at the Tombs, he was committed for trial. There is another warrant against LEVI, for having robbed of $1,000 in a precisely similar manner, a German emigrant named JOSEPH RAUTH, who is now a pauper in the Almshouse on Ward's Island.

Old BOB NEILL, one of the most ancient of pocket-book droppers, was detected plying his nefarious vocation in West-street yesterday, and arrested by Capt. LEARY, of the Twenty-fifth Precinct. He was committed at the Tombs.

FREDERICK BRISDEL, a coach-driver, was last evening committed by Justice LEDWITH on a charge of having picked the pocket of FRANCIS SMALL of $12.

While GEORGE MILLER, of No. 69 King-street, was lying on a bed in a back room of his residence, asleep, yesterday morning, GEORGE QUINN and TERRENCE CONNOLLY entered the room, and having robbed him of what he had about his person, commenced to throw articles out of the window. MILLER was awakened by the noise, and arrested the thieves, who were committed for trial by Justice LEDWITH.

A New Deputy Naval Officer in Place of Major Haggerty.

Naval Officer LAVLIN yesterday appointed WM. A. JONES to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Major JAMES HAGGERTY. Mr. JONES for some years has been employed in the office of the Naval Officer, having been appointed by Gen. MERRITT, during his incumbency, from the St. Lawrence District. He has lately occupied the position of entry clerk being the one longest in that position in the office. This latter fact probably influenced the appointment.

DRY GOODS.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,

WILL OFFER,

ON MONDAY, JULY 1,

GREAT BARGAINS

IN

PLAIN, COLORED, FANCY

AND

BLACK SILKS,

PREPARATORY TO TAKING THEIR

SEMI-ANNUAL ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,

ARE CLOSING OUT

THEIR SPLENDID STOCK OF

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS

AT AN

IMMENSE SACRIFICE,

BEFORE TAKING THEIR SEMI-ANNUAL INVENTORY.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

BROADWAY AND 11TH-ST.,

OFFER GREAT BARGAINS IN

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

PIQUE, LAWN AND LINEN

SUITS,

UNDER-GARMENTS, &c., &c.

ALSO,

STRAW HATS.

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES,

INCLUDING THE POPULAR

BLADE O' GRASS HAT,

AT GREATLY-REDUCED PRICES.

AN

UNPRECEDENTED

SACRIFICE

OF IRON GRENADINES.

Warranted Pure Silk and Wool.

50 cents, 69 cents and 75 cents.

FORMER PRICE

90 cents, $1, and $1 50.

8-4 wide, $1 25, $1 50 and $1 75.

FORMER PRICE

$2 00, $3 and $3 50.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,

Cor. Broadway and Waverley-place.

BILLIARD TABLES.

WM. H. GRIFFITH,

NEW DESIGN

French Standard Billiard Tables.

Manufacturer of DELANEY'S PATENT WIRE CUSHIONS. No. 40 Vesey-st., New-York. Tables, balls, cues, tips, chalk. Lowest market prices. Old tables cut down. Orders by mail attended to.

MARBLE MANTELS.

A. KLABER, STEAM MARBLE AND MARBLEIZING WORKS, Nos. 134 and 136 East 18th-st. Marble and marbleized mantels, tiling, marble counters, monuments, at prices that defy competition. Marble turning for the trade.

DRY GOODS.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

have made arrangements, under SUPERIOR MANAGEMENT, to execute

Dress-Making AND Millinery Orders AT ONE DAY'S NOTICE,

equal, if not superior, to the highest style of Parisian art.

BROADWAY, 4TH-AV., 9TH AND 10TH STS.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

WILL OPEN MONDAY, July 1,

Extraordinary Bargains

IN

HEAVY-BASE SILK POPLIN MOHAIR,

ORGANDIE, LAWN, and LINEN

DRESSES,

LADIES', MISSES', and CHILDREN'S

UNDER-WEAR and PIQUE SUITS.

BOYS' SUITS, very handsome.

LEGHORN, CHIP, STRAW, and PALMETTO

HATS,

TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED,

At greatly reduced prices.

SILKS, DRESS GOODS, LACES,

LACE GOODS in every variety.

EMBROIDERIES, HOSIERY, GLOVES,

CARPETS, CURTAIN MATERIALS,

and every description of

House-Furnishing Goods,

PRIOR TO CLOSING THEIR SEMI-ANNUAL INVENTORY.

Please call and examine.

BROADWAY, 4TH-AV., 9TH AND 10TH STS.

EHRICH'S.

GREAT CLEARING SALE.

EVERYTHING REDUCED IN PRICE

PREPARATORY TO MAKING GREAT ALTERAT

FINANCIAL.

SAFE AND PROFITABLE.

THE

CANADA SOUTHERN

First Mortgage Sinking Fund 30 Years

7 PER CT. GOLD BONDS

AT

90 and ACCRUED INTEREST.

The Road runs from Buffalo to the Detroit River, and is the Eastern link in the new AIR LINE FROM BUFFALO TO CHICAGO, and has been under construction for about two years past by railroad men who have seen the necessity for a STEEL RAIL, LOW GRADE SHORT ROUTE between the great railroad systems which diverge from Chicago, Toledo and Buffalo.

Among the builders of the road, by whose cash subscriptions 220 miles (out of 230) have already been graded, bridged and made ready for the superstructure, a large part of the steel rails bought, all of the materials for the stations, and a part of the equipment purchased, are:

MILTON COURTRIGHT, JOHN F. TRACY DAVID DOWS, WM. L. SCOTT, HENRY FARNHAM, R. A. FORSYTH, HENRY H. PORTER, JOHN M. BURKE, M. L. SYKES, JR., B. F. ALLEN, all directors, either in the Chicago and North west, or the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; GEO. OPDYKE, of the Midland Road; JOHN B. ALLEN, SIDNEY DILLON, DANIEL DREW, J. S. CASEMENT, J. & J. CASEY, O. S. CHAPMAN, JOHN ROSS, DAVID STEWART, and F. H. WINSTON.

THE ROAD will be

32 MILES SHORTER THAN ANY OTHER ROAD,

either BUILT or in contemplation between Buffalo and Chicago, and will also shorten the distance between Toledo and Buffalo twenty-three miles.

THE MAXIMUM GRADE on the entire line does not exceed FIFTEEN FEET to the mile—and Ninety-six per cent of the road IS STRAIGHT.

THE ROAD WILL BE COMPLETED and in running order on or before Dec. 31 of this year.

The principal and interest of the bonds are payable either in New-York, London or Frankfort.

We confidently recommend the bonds to all classes of investors.

LEONARD, SHELDON & FOSTER,

NO. 10 WALL-ST.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

Brilliant Opening of the July Meeting at Monmouth Park.

Three of the Finest and Fastest Contests of the Season.

Milesian, Fadladeen and Meteor Carry Off the Honors.

A Field Day for the Fielders—Great Consternation Among the Members of the Betting Ring—The Favorites Beaten—Anybody's Races.

The opening day of the Monmouth Park Races was infinitely better attended than had been expected. The knowing ones calculating that everybody would want to see the great race on Tuesday next, thought that everybody would hold back for that day, and that the numbers on the commencement would be very small. They were quite deceived, for there were no less than 6,000 persons present, of whom fully one-half came from New-York. And here was another pleasant surprise for the New-Yorkers. They feared that they would not get back to the City until very late. The contrary was the case. The majority actually arrived at Pier No. 28 North River at the same hour that the train usually leaves Fordham from the Jerome Park races. So that people got home from Long Branch earlier, although it is so remote, than from the race-course which metaphorically may be said to be under our New-York noses. The trains going to the track stopped at every station and received accessions of race-goers, especially from Long Branch, where additional carriages had to be added. Some of the passengers were delightfully oblivious of racing matters, and were possessed with the idea that Harry Bassett and Lon Fellow were going to run on that day. But of the crowd that joined the excursion trains at Long Branch there was one carriage which contained a select party of gentlemen who probably had between them as much racing knowledge as American contains. They were all from the South. These were Capt. T. G. Moore, from Louisville, Ky; William M. Conner, the well-known clerk of the Metairie Course, of New-Orleans; William Cottrill, of Mobile; Gov. Bowie, of Maryland; Major T. M. Deswell, of Virginia; John Riddleberger, of Cincinnati; John Smith, of Covington, Ky.; W. H. Williamson, of Mobile; Col. Grigsby, of Kentucky; Mr. Bethune, of Virginia; B. F. McGrath, of Lexington, Ky.; Mr. Swigert, of Lexington; D. R. Harness, of Ohio, and several others as well known in the sporting world. These gentlemen were specially noticed because many of them do not like to send their horses to Jerome Park, while they are particularly partial to Monmouth Park.

Arrived at the ground, the visitors wended their ways, some to the grand stand, some to good positions in the field, while the privileged ones went off to the new Club-house to lunch. The officials of the Association deserve high praise for the elegant little palace they have erected during the past year. The rooms are large and cool, prettily furnished, and adorned with those handsome racing prints which are displayed, during the racing season, in the windows of Goupil. There is a sufficient staff of waiters, and the fare is commendable, although, in consequence of the belief that nobody would come on the first day, there was less variety than was altogether desirable. The poor beauties who came in panting with the heat, and murmured feeble requests for ice cream and fruit, were handed a cruel bill of fare that contained little, save lobster and chicken salad and champagne. The club people will do well to believe in their popularity, for it is real, and the visitors who came are not induced solely by the expectation of Tuesday's race, but from an honest liking for the place and the style of races The course is specially good. It is eighty feet broad, and so level that one can see the horse from start to finish, every inch of the way. Neither are there any abrupt turns. The shape of the course is, as nearly as possible, elliptic, with two superb stretches, and two finely thrown-up turns, giving to the horses a chance to make excellent time, which the owners dearly appreciate. The track itself is kept in excellent condition, and yesterday was really splendid; but judging from the tenacious character of New-Jersey dirt, it probably would be very heavy if it rained. It is possible that this is the weak spot of the Monmouth track, for there were not a few fine, conservative looking old gentlemen, with the blue ribbon of officials, who kept predicting that it would rain before the Jersey Derby had been run and won. Their fears were groundless, for the massive *cumuli* clouds that towered up from the horizon into the blue sky, remained as stationary as mountains, and at no time evinced any purpose of overshadowing the vault of heaven.

By the time that the races commenced the grand stand was a fine sight. The part set apart for the fair sex was occupied by fashionables from Long Branch. The cottages were out in full strength, and displayed dazzling toilets and wonderful complexions. About the beauties hovered the cavaliers of the Branch in swarms, bending low before them and bringing intelligence of what was going on in the pool-selling and the judges' stand. The French system of mutual pools attracted their attention, and many gentlemen were commissioned by the fair ones to purchase tickets. As a general rule they betted on the favorites, and as all the favorites lost, one after another, there was considerable feminine disappointment. Their interest in the steeple chase was abated by the strange chapter of accidents that distinguished it. The favorite horse bolted and went on the wrong side of a post, then one horse fell on recovering from a leap and threw his rider, and then another horse, who looked like winning, struck his feet together, rolled over and over, fortunately without injury to the rider. On the whole, the sport was excellent, the jockeyism keen, and the interest great. The excitement about Harry Bassett and Lonfellow constantly increases in intensity, and it is said to be doubted that the struggle will be witnessed by 30,000 people, many of whom will come from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and the South. Bassett still is the favorite in the betting, but Longfellow has an enormous band of supporters. Even the wisest heads do not venture to dazzle one way or another, and seem ready to admit that the result is as uncertain as the tossing of a cent.

The Steeple-Chase.

There were three races on the card, the first of which was the grand national steeple-chase, with eight entries; the second, a trial purse of $450 for a mile dash and the Jersey Derby Stakes, which had ten starters. The most extraordinary result of the day's racing was the complete overthrow of the heretofore invincible stable of Col. McDaniel, and the consequent discomfiture of the backers of his horses. It was a great day for the fielders, who won every race. Fadladeen made his first appearance on the Eastern turf in the mile race and added laurels to his name by beating an excellent field of seven horses, in the fastest time ever made in the East with the weight, viz., 1:44¾. It will be remembered that Fadladeen has the fastest record for a mile made last year in 1:43, and yet the betting was very strong against him. The Jersey Derby Stakes were won by Meteor, belonging to Mr. D. R. Harness. The race was an excellent one, and averaged under 1:48 to the mile. As may be inferred from the time made, the track was in splendid order. The particulars of the sport will be found below.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

The opening race of the day was the grand national steeple-chase, for all ages, about three miles over a fair hunting course; weights, Tom, as they went by the stables, with Vesuvius second, Blind Tom third, Milesian fifth. They now shaped their course toward the direction of the three-quarter pole, going down in a hollow, and almost out of sight. Vesuvius had by this time repassed Lochinvar, and when they came to the ninth jump, a mud wall, Vesuvius was two lengths in front of Lochinvar, who was eight lengths away from Blind Tom, he being six lengths in the van of Milesian, who was some fifty yards from Impecunious. They all went over the wall without accident, and came up in the direction of the grand stand, when they encountered another mud wall, which they all took finely. They now shaped their course parallel with the homestretch, and Vesuvius was still showing the way a length in front of Lochinvar, who was the same distance in advance of Blind Tom, Milesian being fourth and Impecunious far behind and going slowly, apparently waiting for something to "turn up." They now came to the water jump in front of the grand stand, protected by a brush fence, and all of them got over safely, arousing the spectators to a high pitch of enthusiasm. They went away toward the turn, and there met a good stone wall, all going over finely except Lochinvar, who hit it as he did the first time. They were now running parallel with the track, with their positions unaltered, until they were again in the vicinity of the stables on the far side, when Milesian changed positions with Blind Tom, and was now third. Down they went into the hollow, outside of the lower turn, taking the mud-walls without accident and shaping their course again parallel with the homestretch and toward the stand. Lochinvar had now assumed the lead, with Vesuvius second, Milesian third, Blind Tom fourth and Impecunious fifth. They now approached the water-jump again and Lochinvar, in his efforts to overcome his obstacle, effectually fumbled his rider, who however escaped injury. The others got over. Vesuvius now took the lead, with Milesian second, Blind Tom third and Impecunious fourth. They were now making for the last big field-jump—the stone-wall near the Club-house—and Vesuvius went at it, but succeeded in faulting on his knees and unhorsing his rider. There was now but three left in the race, viz.: Milesian, Blind Tom and Impecunious—but the former had so commanding a lead that the race was all over if he did not fall at the last hurdle on the home-stretch. He took it easily, however, and won the chase by twenty lengths; Blind Tom second, ten lengths ahead of Impecunious. Time—7:46¾.

SUMMARY.

FIRST RACE.—The Grand National Steeple-chase, for all ages; about three miles, over a fair hunting-course; weight weights, Tom, as they went by the stables, with Vesuvius second, Blind Tom third, Milesian fifth. They now shaped their course toward the direction of the three-quarter pole, going down in a hollow, and almost out of sight. Vesuvius had by this time repassed Lochinvar, and when they came to the ninth jump, a mud wall, Vesuvius was two lengths in front of Lochinvar, who was eight lengths away from Blind Tom, he being six lengths in the van of Milesian, who was some fifty yards from Impecunious. They all went over the wall without accident, and came up in the direction of the grand stand, when they encountered another mud wall, which they all took finely. They now shaped their course parallel with the homestretch, and Vesuvius was still showing the way a length in front of Lochinvar, who was the same distance in advance of Blind Tom, Milesian being fourth and Impecunious far behind and going slowly, apparently waiting for something to "turn up." They now came to the water jump in front of the grand stand, protected by a brush fence, and all of them got over safely, arousing the spectators to a high pitch of enthusiasm. They went away toward the turn, and there met a good stone wall, all going over finely except Lochinvar, who hit it as he did the first time. They were now running parallel with the track, with their positions unaltered, until they were again in the vicinity of the stables on the far side, when Milesian changed positions with Blind Tom, and was now third. Down they went into the hollow, outside of the lower turn, taking the mud-walls without accident and shaping their course again parallel with the homestretch and toward the stand. Lochinvar had now assumed the lead, with Vesuvius second, Milesian third, Blind Tom fourth and Impecunious fifth. They now approached the water-jump again and Lochinvar, in his efforts to overcome his obstacle, effectually fumbled his rider, who however escaped injury. The others got over. Vesuvius now took the lead, with Milesian second, Blind Tom third and Impecunious fourth. They were now making for the last big field-jump—the stone-wall near the Club-house—and Vesuvius went at it, but succeeded in faulting on his knees and unhorsing his rider. There was now but three left in the race, viz.: Milesian, Blind Tom and Impecunious—but the former had so commanding a lead that the race was all over if he did not fall at the last hurdle on the home-stretch. He took it easily, however, and won the chase by twenty lengths; Blind Tom second, ten lengths ahead of Impecunious. Time—7:46¾.

SUMMARY.

D. J. Bannatyne's ch. h. Milesian, 4 years, by imp. Mickey Free, dam by Wagner, 164 pounds. Ryland.....1
Joseph Donahue's br. h. Blind Tom, 6 years, by Star Davis, dam by Stargravine, by imp. Margrave.....2
John F. Chamberlin's b. g. Impecunious, 4 years, by Tipperary, out of Lucy Fowler, 145 pounds. McCaul.....3
Jos. Donahue's ch. g. Tammany, 5 years, by Lexington, out of Lia Mardis, by imp. Glencoe, 151 pounds. Jones.....0
John H. Tully's b. g. Vesuvius, 5 years, by Vandyke, out of Lizzie Berry, 151 pounds. Tully...0
Coffin & Lawrence's g. g. Lochinvar, 4 years, by Ulverston, out of Bridget, by Paddy Burns, 151 pounds. Midgely.....0
R. Shea's br. c. Astronomer, 4 years, by Asteroid, out of Miss Carter, by imp. Sovereign.....dr.
Coffin & Lawrence's br. g. Jim Tisdale, aged, by Revenue, out of Louisa Jordan.....dr.
Time—7:46¾.

THE MILE DASH.

The second race was a trial purse of $450 for all ages, dash of a mile. The favorites were so unfortunate that their backers concentrated their strength on the inevitable McDaniel's stable, and succeeded only in jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. There were eight excellent entries for the purse, for Messrs. J. & H. R. Davis' ch. h. Fadladeen, five years, by War Dance, dam by Mahomet. W. Cottrill's ch. f. Saucebox, four years, by Star Davis, out of Shedaddie; D. J. Crouse's ch. c. Business, three years, by Revolver, out of Syren; F. M. Hall's b. c. John Morgan, 3 years, by Eugene, out of La Rose; John M. Clay's b. c. Lodan Bruce, by Lee Paul, dam by Joe Stoner; John McCormick's b. f. Belle Aiken, four years, by Second Jack Malone, out of Mollie Ford; D. McDaniel's ch. c. Abdel Kooree, four years, by imp. Australian, out of Rescue, and J. W. Hunt Reynolds' ch. m. Metella, five years, by Australian, out of La Grande Duchesse. It was surprising to see how old turfmen would forget the records of the past year and make Abdel Kooree the favorite at long odds against such a horse as Fadladeen, with the reputation gained of running a mile in the extraordinary time of 1:43. Yet Col. McDaniel's stable was considered so invincible that the knowing ones got pretty deeply into the mire, and they will not forget it for some time. The following quotations will show how the backers of the favorite met their fate:

Abdel Kooree	$300	$350	$900
Field	100	120	250

When they faced the starter, the "brigade" presented a brilliant spectacle, and when they started off it made one feel that the fastest mile ever run in the East would be recorded.

THE RACE.

When the drum tapped Fadladeen had the best of the send-off, with Saucebox second, Business third, and John Morgan fourth. Loman Bruce, Abdel Kooree, Metella and Shedaddie followed. Kooree, the favorite, several lengths behind. As they went to the turn, Business went to work as if he meant business, and collared Fadladeen, and both of them went away from the others and struggled by themselves. Away the pair went yoked to the quarter-pole, ten lengths ahead of Saucebox, who was third, with Abdel Kooree fourth, having worked up from his rear position. Merryman fifth, and the others still strung out behind. As they went down the backstretch the rear horses began to get nearer the leaders, and the race became interesting. Fadladeen endeavored to shake off Business, but the latter clung to him like mortar. When they reached the half-mile pole Fadladeen managed to get his head in front of Business, while the latter was four lengths in the lead of Abdel Kooree, who was running at a good pace and making considerable headway. Saucebox was fourth, and John Merryman fifth. When they struck the lower turn Fadladeen was allowed full swing, and he came along to the grand pace, opening a gap of two lengths from Business, who was still four lengths ahead of Kooree. When they turned into the home-stretch Kooree made strenuous efforts to get the race, and closed rapidly upon Business, whom he soon passed. In the meantime Saucebox put out a spurt and came to the second place, Business now being fourth. The result, however, was a foregone conclusion, as Fadladeen increased his lead and passed the stand a winner of the race by three lengths, amid the most enthusiastic cheers of his backers, while those who placed their fortunes in the keeping of the favorite were correspondingly depressed. There was a magnificent struggle for the second place between Saucebox and Abdel Kooree, but Saucebox managed to get his head in front of Kooree, who was fourth, and John Merryman fifth. Time—1:44¾.

SUMMARY.

SECOND RACE.—Trial purse; for all ages; dash of one mile; $300 to first horse, $100 to second, and $50 to third.

J. R. & H. R. Davis' ch. c. Fadladeen, 4 years, by War Dance, dam by Mahomet, 114 pounds. J. Henry.....1
W. Cottrill's ch. f. Saucebox, 4 years, by Star David, out of Shedaddie, by imp. Yorkshire, 108 pounds. Lakeland.....2
D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Abdel Kooree, 4 years, by imp. Australian, out of Rescue, by Berthume, 108 pounds. Rice.....3
D. J. Crouse's ch. c. Business, 3 years, by Revolver, out of Syren, by Oliver, 90 pounds. Harpster...4
F. M. Hall's br. c. John Morgan, 4 years, by Eugene, out of La Rose, by Lexington, 108 pounds. Peters.....5
J. W. H. Reynolds' ch. m. Metella, 5 years, by imp. Australian, out of La Grand Duchesse, by Lexington, 111 pounds. Parker.....6
Jno. M. Clay's b. c. Lodan Bruce, 3 years, by Lee Paul, dam by Joe Stoner, 80 pounds. Mahony...7
Jno. McCormick's b. f. Belle Aiken, 4 years, by Second Jack Malone, out of Mollie Ford, by Bonnie Lassie, 108 pounds. Walsh.....8
Time—1:44¾.

THE JERSEY DERBY.

Now came the tug of war. The backers of the favorites had lost so heavily that they became frantic, and their efforts to get out of the pool-stand and finally met their Waterloo. The Jersey Derby Stakes were valuable and worth $6,250 to the winner, and consequently there was an excellent array of talent. When the bell summoned the contestants to the "scratch" they sported silk, as follows: Jno. Harper's ch. f. Extract, by Endorser, out of Nature; H. P. McGrath's br. c. John Doe, by Lexington, out of Lucy Fowler, and b. c. Richard Roe, by Tipperary, out of Greek Slave; D. R. Harness' ch. c. Meteor, by Asteroid, out of Maria Innis, by imp. Yorkshire. Palmer.....1
D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Joe Daniels, by imp. Australian, out of Dolly Carter, by imp. Glencoe. Rice.....2
A. Belmont's br. c. Gray Planet, by Planet, out of Eagless, by imp. Glencoe. Gradwell.....3
D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Hubbard, by Planet, out of Minnie Mansfield, by imp. Glencoe. McCabe.....4
D. Swigert's b. c. Shylock, by Lexington, out of Edith, by imp. Sovereign. Peters.....0
H. P. McGrath's b. c. Richard Roe, by Tipperary, out of Greek Slave, by imp. Glencoe. Coombs...0
John Harper's ch. f. Extract, by Endorser, out of Nature, by Brawner's Eclipse. Crittenden....0
W. R. Babcock's ch. f. Ethel Sprague, by Jack Malone, out of Vesper Light, by Chas. Harold. Johnson.....0
John M. Clay's ch. f. La Gitana, by Uncle Vic, out of Georgie Woods, by imp. Knight of St. George, by Glencoe. Hamilton.....0
H. P. McGrath's br. c. John Doe, by Lexington, out of Lucy Fowler. Barby.....0
Time—2:04¾.

Thus ended an excellent day's sport.

2:15 1-2!

The Fastest Mile Ever Trotted!—Joe Elliott Ahead of them All!

Mr. Bonner received the following dispatch yesterday from Boston, which places his horse Joe Elliott at the head of the heap. Joe Elliott has been in training at Beacon Park about four weeks. He has now beaten the renowned Dexter's 2:16, and has become by the performance the most famous horse in the world.

BOSTON, June 25, 1870.

Robert Bonner, Ledger Office, New-York:

Bowen just drove Joe Elliott one mile in two minutes, fifteen and one-half seconds, (2:15½.) First quarter, 34½; half, 1:07¼. Timers: Lucius C. Chase, Albert Worster, Lon Morris and W. W. Cumee.

JOHN MORRIS.

When Joe Elliott was five years old he trotted in 2:19¼. When he was six he trotted in 2:18¾. When he was seven Mr. Bonner himself drove him half a mile in 1:06. He is now eight.

The German National Schuetzenfest—Departure of the Delegates.

Some of the principal thoroughfares in Brooklyn were profusely decked out with bunting yesterday. The tri-color of Germany entwined its folds with the Stars and Stripes, and strains of martial music gave token that the fervor of heat had not altogether scorched the life out of everybody. The occasion was the departure of the delegations from the various Schuetzencorps in Brooklyn to the German National Schuetzenfest at Hanover.

The delegates, numbering some 280, were escorted by the Fifteenth Battalion Infantry, and the Rimagold Horse Guards. A platoon of police marched in front, and a platoon behind the procession. A large number of German citizens followed in carriages.

The procession passed through the principal streets, were reviewed by the Mayor at the City Hall, and then proceeded to Fulton Ferry. On getting over to New-York they were joined by the German Rifle Society, numbering about one hundred and sixty men; the Veteran Vocal Society, numbering about fifty, and the New-York Schuetzencorps, who assembled early yesterday morning at the head-quarters of the lads named organization, corner Canal and Chrystie streets, to escort the Schuetzen delegation to the steamer *Deutschland*, which sailed for Bremen yesterday. The New-York delegation is composed of forty-two riflemen, most of whom are members of the New-York Schuetzencorps, who are under the command of Capt. GERDES.

The line of march passed through Canal-street, Bowery, Chatham-street, Broadway, Reade-street to the ferry, where about 2,000 persons were present to view the departing riflemen. In Hoboken the escort was received by the New-Jersey Schuetzencorps, the Mayor of Hoboken, and members of the Hoboken Common Council, by whom they were escorted to Busch's Hotel, and, after partaking of refreshments, returned to the dock, where the delegation embarked. A delegation representing the New-Haven riflemen, also sailed in the steamer *Deutschland* yesterday. All delegations are the bearers of handsome prizes. The great German national sharpshooting will be held from the 14th of July to the 29th.

Supposed Suicide at Elizabeth.

The wife of ADAM ECKERT, living on Marshall, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Elizabeth, was yesterday morning found dead in the well belonging to the house. Mrs. ECKERT had made remarks to several persons to the effect that she should not live long, but no notice was taken of them. Early in the morning one or two persons living in the adjoining houses went to the well for the purpose of drawing water, and about 6 o'clock Mrs. ECKERT called to Mrs. GERBER to come to the gate a moment, and gave to her a purse containing money, which she desired not to give to her son, MICHAEL ECKERT. Shortly after this cries were heard in the yard, and the body was found, as described, in the well, which contained only about three feet of water. The woman had been frequently abused by her husband, who had locked her out on the previous night, and who was drunk at the time of the act. His conduct, it is believed, led to the act.

Official Advertising in Jersey City—A Newspaper War.

On Thursday last one of the proprietors of a Jersey City newspaper presented to the Mayor of the city a Legislative bill, signed by the presiding officer of each of the two houses of the Legislature and by Gov. PARKER, and certified by the Secretary of State. The effect of the bill was to deprive the Jersey City *Times* of the official advertisements of the city Government. Acting upon the provisions of the newly-discovered law, the Board of Finance and Taxation at once passed a resolution taking the advertising from the *Times*, and conferring the *Standard* and *Journal* as the official papers. The bill, it appears, was introduced last Winter to destroy the effect of the provision of the charter which gives the advertising to the three dailies. But the bill, it is said, was not passed. This fact is sworn to by the Clerk of the House of Assembly and the three members from Jersey City, one of whom was the principal advocate of the bill. The matter will be contested in the Courts. The penalty for the crime of altering or forging records of this character is imprisonment for any term not exceeding ten years, or $5,000 fine, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

NEW-YORK AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

NEW-YORK.

The principal business done at the Stock Exchange yesterday seemed to be in "Daily Varden" fans.

CHARLES E. LOEW, County Clerk, sailed for Europe yesterday in the steamer *Republic* of the White Star line.

Mr. WM. H. VANDERBILT will sail for Europe, on Wednesday next, and while in London will make an examination of the underground railways in operation there.

The Board of Police yesterday removed J. W. ANDREWS, Deputy Superintendent of the Street-cleaning Bureau, and appointed JOSEPH PICKARD in his place.

EDWARD BOWEN, aged twenty-seven, a resident of Tillary-street, Brooklyn, fell into the water at the foot of Beach-street, yesterday, and was drowned.

PHILLIP STELZE, a German, sixty years of age, while asleep, fell out of a fourth-story window at his residence, No. 127 Columbia-street, yesterday morning, and was seriously injured.

MICHAEL LINN, while asleep in the new building, No. 133 Orchard-street, yesterday, fell from the second story to the basement and sustained serious injuries.

Dr. E. H. JANES, for several years Health Inspector, has been temporarily appointed City Sanitary Inspector, in place of Dr. MORRAU MORRIS, resigned.

ALEXANDER MERCIER, of No. 505 Broome-street, while in a fit of delirium tremens, attempted to commit suicide yesterday by stabbing himself in the abdomen with a knife, causing a dangerous wound.

The steam-ship *Main*, which left Bremen on June 15 and Southampton on June 18, reached this port yesterday. Her mail news is fresher by two days than that previously at hand.

At a meeting of the Bakers' Protective Benevolent Union last evening, at Putman Hall, it was resolved to reduce the initiation fee from $4 to $1. The Society afterward voted $400 from their funds as a first donation to pay the expenses of the strike movement.

On Saturday evening next, the New-York Typographical Society, organized in 1809, will hold a meeting, when certain important amendments to the constitution will be acted upon. These relate to increased appropriations in case of sickness or death, &c.

Rev. A. S. PATTON, D. D., editor of the *Baptist Weekly*, has received a letter from Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN, one of the most popular preachers in Great Britain, announcing his intention of visiting this country about the 20th of August next.

A fight occurred last evening, in the yard of the tenement-house, No. 172 Division-street, between JOSEPH WILLIAMS and DORA COHEN, both residents of the house. During the fracas WILLIAMS struck COHEN a severe blow on the temple, killing her instantly. WILLIAMS was arrested and locked up.

DAVID C. MILLER, while driving his team of cows, was while shooting of a duck, in the evening, shot in the hip another boy named HENRY DECKER, was arrested and held to answer Martin yesterday morning, and was held by Judge LAWRENCE in $1,000 bail to await the result of Decker's injuries.

An unknown man, about sixty years of age, fell from the dock at Pier No. 1, at the foot of Ninety-sixth-street, North River, by a Yonkers train of the Hudson River Railroad at 6½ yesterday morning. The body was brought to the Thirtieth-street Depot, and subsequently removed to the Morgue.

Mr. HENRY B. CROSSETT, proprietor of excursion-boats at Christopher-street, took a party of 800 persons, composed of the Park-school, the Fifty-second-street School, the Hudson River School, and the Avenue B School of the Children's Aid Society, on a barge to Orient's Grove, on Long Island Sound, without charge, yesterday.

JAMES BRITTON, of No. 514 East Sixteenth-street, and PATRICK RYAN, of No. 510 East Fifteenth-street, two respectable looking boys, neither of them twelve years old, were picked up in the streets Friday night in a state of the most shocking intoxication. They were locked up all night, and yesterday morning at Jefferson Market received a severe lecture from Judge LAWRENCE, and were allowed to go home.

BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn police made 547 arrests last week.

The Board of Estimate have authorized the erection of two new school-houses during the coming year.

The body of a woman, afterward identified as MARY GOUGH, residing somewhere in Baltic-street, was found, early yesterday morning, on the parade ground at Fort Greene, (Washington Park.)

The residence of Mr. EDWARD KILLOP, No. 431 Graham-avenue, was entered by sneak thieves on Friday, while the family were at dinner, and a number of valuable dresses and some jewelry, all valued at $250, stolen.

Mrs. JOSEPHINE RUPPEL, a married woman, while passing through a lonely locality near the City line, early yesterday morning, was assaulted by three men. Two of the men, ADAM and PETER SCHOENDORF, were arrested; the third one escaped.

Yesterday twelve sneak thieves, composing a gang who have recently been robbing private residences of silver-ware and other valuables, were held to await the action of the Grand Jury. WM. HIGGINS, one of the number, turned State's evidence.

The Coroner's Jury in the matter of FRANCIS T. PAPE, who, on Wednesday night, was crushed to death between the Boat and the bridge in the Houston-street ferry-slip, D. censured the ferry company for not having gates near the entrance, as at Fulton and other ferries.

The Exposition and Industrial Fair of Kings County is to be held for the first time this year at the Brooklyn Rink, on Clermont and Vanderbilt avenues, near Myrtle-avenue, opening to the public on the evening of Monday Sept. 20, and remaining open for a period of three weeks.

Rev. Dr. WILD, late Professor in the Albert University, at Belleville, Ontario, will preach his first sermon this morning, as pastor of the Seventh-avenue Methodist Church. Dr. WILD has been called to this charge by the congregation, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of Dr. ANDREWS, the former pastor, to the Episcopacy. Dr. WILD will also preach at the same place in the evening.

The new law giving the Controller of Brooklyn power to direct in what manner the financial accounts of all the Departments of the City Government shall be kept, was received at the Controller's office yesterday.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

The newly-elected officers of Morris Lodge No. 72, F. & A. M., will be installed on Wednesday evening at their lodge-room, on Fordham-avenue, Morrisania.

A young Irishman named MARTIN MCCUE, who has been employed as a farm hand in the town of Scarsdale, attempted suicide on Friday by shooting himself with a pistol. It is thought he may recover.

Coroner MEEKS held an inquest at East Morrisania yesterday upon the body of THOMAS FARRELL, who had died from the effects of a sun-stroke. The deceased arrived from Ireland the week previous, and had only gone to work the day before his death.

Mr. ROBERT S. ROSS, a broker of Wall-street, New-York, and residing at Pine's Bridge, was riding home in a wagon from Mounts Kisco, on Thursday, when the horse took fright, upset the vehicle and threw the occupant out with great violence. Mr. ROSS was severely, and it is feared fatally, injured.

LONG ISLAND.

The annual regatta of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club at Oyster Bay, Long Island, will take place on the Fourth of July.

SAMUEL B. VAN WART HOOPER, twenty-seven years of age, and son of JOSEPH V. HOOPER, of East New-York, was drowned Friday afternoon at Rockaway. He fell into the water from a row-boat, and never rose to the surface. Every effort is being made to recover the body.

A Grant and Wilson Club was organized at Huntingdon, on Thursday evening. Mr. WM. WOOD was chosen President, and Mr. JOHN MCKAY, Secretary. Speeches were made by Messrs. GEO. H. SHEPARD and ROBERT ROGERS. The Campaign Club was organized with THOS. J. HALL, for President; ROBERT ROGERS, for Vice-President, and THOMAS YOUNGS, for Secretary.

STATEN ISLAND.

Yesterday a very exciting game of baseball was played at Camp Washington, Tompkinsville, between the Nameless, of Clifton, and Staten Island Cricket Club, and resulted in the former winning by a score of 51 to 22.

NEW-JERSEY.

A gas company is being organized at Bloomfield.

The Summer vacation of the Jersey City public schools will commence on Wednesday.

The wills of GEORGE W. THORPE, representing $140,000, and WM. B. DAVEY, representing $24,000, have been admitted to probate at Newark.

Hon. C. L. C. GIFFORD was yesterday sworn in as the presiding Judge of the Essex County Court of Common Pleas at Newark, in place of Judge TERRY, who has resigned.

Nine cases of small-pox were reported in Jersey City during last week, and there are now eighteen patients in the hospital suffering from the disease.

The body of a newly-born child, much decomposed, was yesterday morning found in the sink of the house No. 159 Henderson-street, Jersey City.

FANNY SALMON, who was so badly burned while attempting to light a fire with oil at No. 98 Pacific-street, Newark, on Thursday, died yesterday morning at St. Michael's Hospital from her injuries.

As a result of the meeting of citizens of the former City of Lafayette, regarding the nuisances existing at Communipaw, the Street Commissioners have served notices on the New-Jersey Central Railroad Company, and other corporations, demanding their abatement under penalty.

The two lodges of Orangemen in Jersey City have resolved to parade on July 12 in celebration of the battle of the Boyne. Little difficulty occurred at Jersey City last year, owing principally to the precautionary measures taken by the Police, and trouble is not anticipated this year.

JOHN MILLER was fatally injured, near the Market-street depot of the New-Jersey Railroad, at Newark, on Friday evening. Deceased stepped from one track to avoid a train, and was struck by the locomotive of a train moving in the opposite direction, and both legs torn off. He was removed to St. Michael's Hospital, where he died during the night.

CHARLES COREY, a sailor, aged seventy-two years, died yesterday at Elizabeth, from injuries received on the previous day from a fall. COREY was working upon a barge, at Elizabethport, when he slipped and fell, striking upon his stomach and sustained internal injuries, which resulted fatally.

JOHN MORAN was drowned while swimming in the Passaic River, at the Market-street Bridge, East Newark, on Friday evening. MORAN was a good swimmer, but was seized with cramp and was drowned before assistance could be given. He was a carriage-painter by trade, twenty-one years old, and had formerly lived in Syracuse, N. Y.

The case of CARR, FINNEGAN and FARLEY, the Bannister robbers, yesterday came up in the Essex County Court of Oyer and Terminer, on a motion for a new trial. Judge DEPUE, for the Court, said that there did not seem to be any reason for interfering with the verdict. The prisoners were then sentenced to ten years' hard labor each in the State Prison. The men were yesterday conveyed to Trenton.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

LONDON, June 20—11¼ A. M.—Consols opened at 92¾ for money, and 92¾ for the account. American Securities firmer; United States 5-20 Bonds, 1862s, 91¾; 1865s, 91¾; 1867s, 91¾; 10-40s, 89¾.

2 P. M.—Consols and American Securities unchanged.

FRIDAY, June 24—P. M.—Bullion closed at 92¾ sec.

LIVERPOOL, June 20—11 A. M.—COTTON—The market opened quiet and easier; Middling Uplands, 11¼d.; Middling Orleans, 11¼d.@11¼d. The sales of the day are estimated at 7,000 bales.

2 P. M.—COTTON—The market is quiet and easier; Middling Uplands, 11¼d.@11¼d.; Middling Orleans, 11¼d. The sales of the day are now estimated at 7,000 bales, instead of 10,000 bales, as reported in our 7 A. M. edition, including 1,000 for export and speculation.

BREADSTUFFS—Fine to fine grades of American Flour.

Corn—Fine Rgsir, 27s. 9d. per cwt. Spirits Turpentine, 34s. 6d.

[Advertisement]

LAUGHING.—*Made easy* by the cup just all the kind for prominent and secular occasions. Try "KNOX HATS." No. 212 Broadway.

Passengers Sailed.

Per steam-ship *Son Jacinto, for Havannah*.—W. C. Smith, H. Blankenstein, Miss Pope, Mrs. C. Goldsmith and daughter, Miss E. L. Blake, Miss E. B. Blake, Miss Mary Blake, Miss Jennie Blake, Bernard Recrasts, R. W. Reed, L. Rodriguez, C. J. Blake, Mr. Wylly, D. Regan, Martin D. Wylly, Mr. McElwyn, Rev. Mr. Sweeny, W. H. Mills, G. L. Cope, F. E. Hoadley, Mrs. Hoadley and child, Mrs. Hoadley, wife, child and infant, Chas. Stewart, Mary Henry, James Henry, Simeon Harmon, Ellen Harmon, Hannah Harmon, James Huddleston, Mary Alexander.

Per steam-ship *Bermuda*, for Bermuda.—John M. Morris, J. D. Burrill, Mr. Schoenstedt, wife and daughters, A. E. Clark, J. L. Oliver, Mrs. Decosmos, Mr. Grosser, R. C. Beasley and wife, G. Webb and wife, Mrs. Dr. Perkins, Mrs. Dr. Hunt, Mrs. Dr. Hunt, Mrs. Dr. Perkins, Mrs. Dr. Hunt, Mrs. Dr. Perkins, Mrs. Dr. Hunt, Mrs. Dr. Perkins